

---

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<http://books.google.com>







600067346W





**SIR THOMAS MAXWELL**

**AND**

**HIS WARD.**

**BY**

**MISS BRIDGES.**



**LONDON:**

**R. WASHBOURNE, 18 PATERNOSTER ROW.  
1875.**



To my Cousin

EDWARD KNOTTESFORD FORTESCUE, ESQ.,

WHOSE TALENTS ADORN, AND WHOSE

CHRISTIAN VIRTUES

CONSECRATE HIS HOME,

**This Work**

IS GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.







# SIR THOMAS MAXWELL

AND

HIS WARD.

---

## CHAPTER I.

“My hair is grey, but not with years,  
Nor grew it white,  
In a single night,  
As men’s have grown from sudden fears.”

BYRON.

“**N**OT at home—say I am not at home,”  
said a young lady to the footman,  
who presented a card on a silver  
salver.

“The gentleman is here, miss,” was the reply.  
And true enough, there entered the library at  
that moment a man of distinguished appear-

## 6     *Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward.*

ance, about fifty years of age, whose hair of snowy whiteness threw out the force of a pair of very dark eyes with singular effect. A deep flush suffused the cheeks of the girl; she rose from her chair, threw down her novel, bowed coldly, and turned a glance of something like defiance on the intruder.

"I was not prepared for such a reception from you, my child!" said Father Cuthbert with calm dignity.

"But I asked you not to come and see me," said the girl, pushing her braids of raven hair in an excited way from her temples. "You ought not to have come," she added, though her ladylike instinct compelled her to make a sign to the Priest to be seated.

"And why should I not come to see you?" he asked; "I have not forgotten the little girl who made her first confession to me."

Jane dashed a tear from her eye, and exclaimed, "But I have grown wicked since then, and the world has spoiled me."

"I dare say it has—that world which you

never ought to have entered. You were happy, my child, in the holy shade of the cloister."

"Don't speak of it, or I shall go mad. I must drown all memory of the past in present amusement," and she tried to laugh, though there was a hollow ring in her mirth. "Don't I look happy?" she continued; "look at my last photo," and she showed him a likeness of herself in ball costume.

"I would not have looked at you, if I had seen you in such a dress," was his grave rebuke.

"I knew it," she said; "I wanted to shock you. You see now, there can be nothing in common between us. I have chosen my path, which goes the opposite way to yours."

"The Good Shepherd went out of His path to bring back a stray sheep, and I shall do the same for you."

"Pray save yourself the trouble; it is too late in the day. I have gone through an ordeal which you have little idea of."

"And therefore I want you to tell me all about it. I know that you have been sorely

8     *Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward.*

tried. You will feel better when you have told me everything."

And he fixed those powerful eyes upon her, which had so often subdued the proud spirit of her childhood. For a moment she wavered, and then she exclaimed passionately—"No, I won't—I don't believe in any one, or in anything good."

Father Cuthbert saw that he could do no more at present.

"You cannot prevent me from praying for you," he said, with grave sadness in his tone. He then bade her good-bye, and departed.

Jane walked restlessly up and down the room for some minutes, and then she took from her pocket a letter with a foreign post-mark, which she suddenly crushed in her hand, as the door opened, and a very lovely young lady entered the room. This was Charlotte, her eldest sister, though no one would have thought that the two girls were related. The colouring and the expression were so utterly unlike. There was a certain swan-like grace about Charlotte ;

her complexion was pink and white, and her hazel eyes matched her golden brown hair. You could not say that her features were regular, but she had something more than beauty; you would have described her as a fascinating creature. Jane was taller than her sister; she was a brunette, and there was a world of passionate thought in her dark eyes.

“I am glad to hear that you have had a clerical visitor,” said Miss Maxwell kindly. “You must have been glad to see your old friend Father Cuthbert again.”

A sort of spasm passed over the features of the younger sister. She made no reply, but drawing Charlotte to the open window, led her out into the garden, and said—

“I want to talk to you about something else.”

Charlotte was pained at this want of confidence, but made no remark. Presently her sister added—

“I want you to use your influence with the governor, to take us to Switzerland this summer.

10 *Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward.*

If you were to express a wish, the thing would soon be settled."

"I thought you hadn't enjoyed yourself there last year with Aunt Edith. Instead of doing you good, it seemed to do you harm. You came back as pale as a sheet."

"Nevertheless I want to try the effect of the mountain breezes again."

At this moment the dressing-bell rang, and the two girls returned to the house. Soon after they made their appearance in the drawing-room in pretty dresses of mauve muslin. Sir Thomas Maxwell came in from the verandah, and as he gave his arm to Mrs. Blunt, his widowed sister, he turned for a moment to Jane, and said—

"I wish to speak to you, child, in the library after dinner."

"Very well, papa," was the young lady's answer.

Sir Thomas Maxwell was a grand-looking man, about forty-five. His dark hair was just touched with grey. His noble countenance

expressed the highest intellect, and nowhere did his gifts shine forth more brightly than in the bosom of his family. He loved his daughters—he was proud of them; but he also ruled them. Charlotte adored her father with a blind, unquestioning worship. She had a spirit of her own, and sometimes came into collision with him; but she always gave way in the end. Jane, on the contrary, was jealous of his great love for her sister, and often opposed him on the most important points. Aunt Edith was a lady of the old school. She was Sir Thomas's half-sister, and had been brought up a Protestant by her mother. She was a sensible, conscientious woman, living up to the light she had, and making it a point of honour not to interfere with the religion of her nieces, to whom she had for many years filled the place of their lost parent. Agnes, the youngest daughter, was at a Convent school, and was approaching the term of her education, when she was to come home to Kensington.





## CHAPTER II.

“Face to face in my chamber—my silent chamber I  
saw her—  
God and she and I only—there I sat down, to draw  
her  
Soul through the clefts of confession—speak, I am  
holding thee fast  
As the Angel of Resurrection shall do it at the last.”  
BROWNING.

**T** was by no means with an easy mind that Jane followed her father into the library. He took his usual easy chair, and kindly held out his hand for her to come near him.

“Dear child,” he began, “you had a visit from Father Cuthbert, to-day. I am sorry that I missed seeing him. Had he anything important to say?”

“O dear no”—said the girl; “I can’t think what made him come at all.”

“Perhaps you had neglected your duty in going to see him.”

Jane was silent; and when her father turned upon her the full gaze of his eagle eye, he read in her countenance an expression of obstinate sullenness.

His tone became somewhat severe, as he said, “I am responsible to God for my children, and their spiritual welfare. It has grieved me, Jane, that for many months past, nearly a year, I should think, I have seen no sign of your approaching the holy Sacraments. I have kept silence, and prayed for you in secret, as I did not wish to be premature in interfering with your conscience. But I can be silent no longer—and I require to know from you, my daughter, the reason for this long neglect of your religious duties.”

“I never speak of these things to any one but my Confessor,” replied Jane with some bitterness.

14 *Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward.*

"Neither would I ask you to do so, if I were satisfied that you had a Confessor. Pray, have you one?"

"The Church only insists on confession once a year."

"Have you been to confession within the year?"

The cloud darkened on the girl's brow: "Papa," she said, "it is not right to play the inquisitor. This is an affair which I prefer to keep to myself. It is quite out of your province."

"My child, if you choose to take this tone with me, you will find that I can be severe with you. I desire that you will go to your room immediately, and remain there for the rest of the evening."

There was something in Sir Thomas's voice and eye which his daughter dared not resist. But she swept out of the room with her stateliest air.

"He treats me as if I were a child," she said to herself, when she reached her chamber; "but I won't stand it. A pretty pass things are coming to. O Henry, what have you brought me to?"

If I dared tell the whole truth to Father Cuthbert."

The next morning there was a constraint in every one's manner towards Jane. She tried to brave it out, and before breakfast was over, she turned to Mrs. Blunt, and remarked in an indifferent tone :

"We drive to Lady Clare's, after luncheon, do we not?"

But her father interposed—"Your aunt and sister will go to the garden party; but you will remain at home to-day."

This was a terrible mortification to the pleasure-loving Jane. She caught her sister's eye, which was full of tears. Charlotte dashed them away, and looked appealingly towards their father: but she knew better than to venture on a word of remonstrance.

Jane had a long dull afternoon, roaming about the garden and the shrubbery, and concocting her plans.

"This will never do"—she thought, "I must throw our tyrant off the scent. He is so truth-

16 *Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward.*

ful himself, that I shall be able to blindfold him. I know what I will do."

When the ladies returned from their party, Charlotte sought her sister, and throwing an arm round her neck, said imploringly—"Jane, darling, you make me unhappy as well as yourself. Go to papa, there's a dear, and make it up with him."

Now the best and the softest point in Jane's character, was a certain fondness for her eldest sister; though there was an alloy of jealousy in it. On this occasion, however, she was obstinate, and replied—

"I shall do no such thing, Charlotte. But don't think me unkind: if you only knew how miserable I am!"

"But why should you be, dearest? we have so much to make us happy."

"You have such a bright disposition; and you are always doing good."

Charlotte looked anxiously at her sister, and said: "If you have any sorrow that we do not know of, it might relieve your mind to tell it to us."

"There may be reasons why I cannot do this," said Jane; "there are burdens which one must bear alone. There! I have broken my resolution in telling you so much. For Heaven's sake, don't let papa think that I have anything on my mind."

"But why not make a friend of him? There is no one I know, who can comfort as he can: and he would be pleased with your confidence," she added in her most caressing manner.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Jane, "and mind I shall never tell you a word, unless you promise to keep my counsel."

"Never fear," said Charlotte: hereupon the dinner-bell rang, and the sisters went to the drawing-room.

There were no further signs of contest between Sir Thomas and his daughter. Having made her feel the weight of his displeasure, he said no more. One Saturday, about a fortnight afterwards, the carriage was ordered to take Miss Maxwell to St. Margaret's, the church which she usually frequented for Confession. Jane thought

18 *Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward.*

proper to join her sister, and to Charlotte's great relief, took her place among Father Cuthbert's penitents. But it was not for Penance that she presented herself at the sacred tribunal. Her heart was in that surging state, so full of passion and misery, that a vent of some sort had become essential to her.

"Father, I have not come to you for any good," she began, "but because I cannot help it. If parents are tyrants, it makes children hypocrites. Papa won't be satisfied unless I make a pretence of coming to the Sacraments. But I am going to tell you something, which will prove whether I am a fit person for Absolution."

"Calm yourself, my child," said Father Cuthbert, "this is not the first time that I have listened to a tale of sorrow."

"Father, you know that I went to Switzerland last year with Aunt Edith. We were at Lucerne for two months. I used to go to Mass in the morning. There was an English family, who had a country house in the neighbourhood, with whom we were very intimate. There was

a son, who paid me great attentions. Aunt Edith was a regular dragon, and kept me out of his way, as much as she could. But he used to manage to join me on my way to church. At first I tried to get rid of him; but it was of no use. He seemed to worship the ground I trod upon."

"Why did you not tell your aunt?"

"Because she always set herself against him. Well, Father, the end of it was, I got to like him!"

"To like him very much," said the Priest; "it is as I thought; go on, dear child."

"The day before we left Lucerne, he persuaded me to take a quiet walk with him; we came to a wood which contains a shrine of our Lady. We sat down in the shade: and he confided to me, how much he loved me. But he told me at the same time that his religion was different from mine, and that he had never been baptized. He wanted me to engage myself to him, but said that it must be a secret for the present, until the death of a certain aunt, from



20 *Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward.*

whom he expected money, and who would never forgive him if he married a Catholic. He seemed half wild with grief at the thought of our approaching separation. He took my hand in his, and declared that he would never let it go until I plighted my troth to him. Just then the bell of the chapel began to ring the Angelus. I knew it was a warning from Heaven: but, Father, I could not resist him—he is so clever and attractive—I knew it was a sin—but—”

“You gave him the promise which he asked. It grieves me, child, to think that after the excellent education which you have received, you should have so far forgotten yourself as to walk alone with this person. But let me tell you, that your supposed engagement with him is null and void. The Church permits no Sacramental union between her children and the unbaptized.”

“But he holds our engagement as valid,” said the girl; “and I don’t intend to give him up.”

“And for this man, who could so tamper with your youth and inexperience, you have with-

drawn all this time from the Sacraments of the Church ?”

“Yes, Father; I don’t pretend to excuse myself. But O, I cannot give up this sweet sin !”

“It is doubly a sin in you, because God called you to something better. I have never changed my opinion as to your vocation to the religious life. If Almighty God ever called any one to the cloister, He called you; and, what is more, you know it.”

“Yes; I was very happy for the first half-year. But I could not help having a nasty novice mistress, who spoiled my vocation.”

“It was your own wicked temper which spoiled your vocation. And, mark me, you will have no peace of mind until you do what you know that God requires of you.”

“Almighty God cannot be such a tyrant as to ask people to commit moral suicide. I could no more give up Henry than I could give up my own soul.”

“What did you mean, when you told me the

22 *Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward.*

other day that you had lost your belief in every thing good?"

"Because when papa found out that I had something which I did not like to tell him, he became utterly unjust: he watched my correspondence, stopped my letters, frightened me by his lectures, and drove me frantic by his suspicions. But he thinks it is all over now. Good people are odious!"

"I don't know a better man than your father," said the Priest. "If your conduct had been everything that a young lady's ought to be, he would have had no cause for suspicion."

"I shall hate you, Father, if you take his part."

"Honour thy father and thy mother," said the Priest, impressively.

"And now, Father, give me your blessing, and I will go away."

"No, my child; to-day I shall punish you by withholding my blessing, in order to bring you to a sense of the sinfulness of your present conduct."

“It is of no consequence,” said the girl, as she rose to depart, but she felt deeply pained and humiliated, as Father Cuthbert well knew, for she had venerated him from her earliest years. There was a holy power in him which had always impressed her. From her childhood he had treated her with a mixture of kindness and firmness, and he had more influence over her than any one in the world.





### CHAPTER III.

“Ever their phantoms rise before us,  
Our nobler brothers, though one in blood :  
At bed and table they lord it o’er us,  
With looks of beauty, and words of good.”

STERLING.

**S**IR THOMAS MAXWELL had a youthful ward who had been brought up at the same convent school with his daughter Agnes, and the two girls returned home together. In order to describe Agnes duly, the artist would have to dip his pencil in the colours of light. If ever there was a beau ideal in the present century of what the Virgin martyr must have been when on earth, it was the youngest Miss Maxwell at the age of

eighteen. She was tall, fair, and graceful—bright as the summer morning. Her blue eye was the reflection of a beautiful soul, and she generally wore her hair, which was of shadowy gold, twined in rich plaits round her classical head. She and Miss Raymond were inseparable.

Leila, for that was the Christian name of Sir Thomas's ward, was a girl on whom no one could look without being interested. She was small, and had the figure of a sylph—so exquisitely fashioned, that you could not help watching every movement she made—she seemed the impersonation of elegance. She wore her raven hair in a profusion of curls; she had the rich colouring of the children of the south, and her dark eye gave evidence of a soul of fire. She was affluent and generous, and adored Agnes. She would have spent half her income in making presents to her pet, only that young lady was too independent to accept gifts which she could not reciprocate. But there was one person to whom Leila was even more

## 26 *Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward.*

devoted, and that was her guardian. The nobility of his character had seized on her ardent imagination; his kindness had won her heart, and the power of his intellect had captivated hers.

About a month after her return home, Sir Thomas was sitting in his library, which, though it contained great literary treasures, was furnished with extreme plainness and simplicity. There was a considerable dash of asceticism in the Baronet's character. He strictly observed the fasts of the Church, and added many others out of his private devotion. There was a tap at the door, and when Sir Thomas said, "Come in," behold, it was Leila.

"Welcome, dear child," he said, and a smile of rare beauty, for it seemed to come from a region holier than this world of ours, illuminated his countenance.

"Do I interrupt you, father?" for so she always called him.

"Never, little lady; I am always at your service. Show me how I can promote your happiness this morning."

There was one footstool in the room. Leila drew it close to her guardian, and perched herself airily upon it.

"I want to be good," she began, "and I don't know how. I want to be very happy, too."

"I think you want something to do, Leila. Your time hangs on hand. Charlotte comes and reads with me for an hour every morning. I think you had better come with her."

Leila gave a quick look of delight, and Sir Thomas continued :

"I am a great advocate for intellectual cultivation. I don't approve of idle or frivolous ladies; then why should not you go with her when she visits the schools and the poor, and learn to make yourself useful?"

"Yes, but Charlotte is so awfully good—I should find it fatiguing to be always good."

"No one wishes to prevent you from having your fair share of recreation and amusement, my child. But life is a serious thing, and we shall have to give an account both of our time and our talents. With your good fortune, and the



28 *Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward.*

good education which you have had, you may do a great deal for God's glory."

"Very well, I will begin. I have plenty of ambition. I hope that is not a fault."

"Not if it is well directed."

Leila got up and walked to the open window, whence she beheld Agnes strolling in the flower-garden; so she ran back to Sir Thomas, kissed his hand in a half childish way, and left him to join her friend.

"That child has a character," soliloquized her guardian, "which will be potent for good or for evil. She has intelligence and activity, but she is perilously impulsive. I must watch over her, and keep her energies well employed."

That evening there was a suburban meeting for an object of great importance to Catholics. The Bishop was in the chair; and Sir Thomas Maxwell was the most impressive of the speakers on the platform. His oration was long, and was listened to with the greatest attention. Of course, his family was among

the audience. Charlotte and Leila were entranced by his eloquence. He threw his whole soul into the speech. He spoke with animation and dignity. Every attitude might have been a study for sculpture, every inflection of the voice was full of music. The cheers, when he finished speaking, were overwhelming. He was in the habit of making many converts to our holy religion, by the sheer force of his devoted character. He was a man who thoroughly enjoyed society, literature, and art. In the constant performance of duty, he never lost his hold on the supernatural world. His soul walked very near to God.

There was some confusion as the assembly broke up. The four young ladies from the Elms—that was the name of Sir Thomas's residence—were waiting for their escort, when a strikingly handsome man made his way towards Jane, who was a little apart from the others, and exchanged a few words with her in a low voice. As he bowed over her hand at parting, her sisters caught the words, "at Lucerne." He

30 *Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward.*

then made a formal inclination to Charlotte, and went away.

"Who is that gentleman?" said Agnes and Leila in a breath.

"Only an acquaintance whom we met on the Continent," replied Jane; and then she whispered to her eldest sister, "Don't tell papa."

At this moment Sir Thomas joined them, and Jane had no opportunity of speaking again to her sister, till they went to their rooms for the night. Then she waited for the maid to withdraw, and entered Charlotte's chamber. She knelt down coaxingly by the bedside, and said, "Darling, you will grant my request—you will make me so happy if you will."

"I don't like these concealments," said Charlotte. "Papa has a natural right to our confidence. I think that you ought to tell him yourself."

"Impossible—it would be the ruin of all my hopes."

"Jane," said her sister, with some severity, "you cannot wish to encourage clandestine

intercourse with this gentleman : it would be unworthy of you !”

“Of course it would. I solemnly assure you that I have neither seen him nor spoken to him since Christmas, when papa surprised us in the shrubbery, and almost insulted him.”

“And when do you expect to see him again ?” enquired Charlotte.

“O I don’t know—not for months.”

“Didn’t he say something about meeting you at Lucerne ? I would not have asked papa to take us there this summer, if I had thought you had any scheme of this kind.”

“I want to see his mother, dear ; you know she and I were great friends. It is very doubtful whether he will get leave of absence to run down. There, as I have told you so much, you must promise to keep my counsel. I have been so unhappy,” she added, “and now there seems to be a little brightness in store for me. You never would have the heart to throw me back into my misery.” And here she burst into tears.

### 32 *Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward.*

"Don't cry, darling," said Charlotte affectionately, drying her eyes and kissing her. "You know I can't bear telling tales." Her tone wavered for a moment, but she added steadily, "You must promise me that you will not see him again without papa's permission."

"Yes, dear, I promise," said Jane, feeling that the victory was hers.

Leila lay awake all that night, lost in thought. Her one idea was the hero of that evening. He had become, unconsciously to herself, a portion of her very life and being. For two years this wild idolatry had been growing into her soul. During the long intervals of her school life, it had been the romance of which she had thought by day and dreamed by night. She used to rave about him to the nuns; but as she always called him her father, they laughed at her raptures, or gently tried to repress them. His letters to her used to be her principal consolation, and they were full of admirable advice. Since her return home—for such the Elms had been to her for many a

long year—the spell had grown more potent. Such was her infatuation, that the air through which he passed in walking was to her full of consecration. He was “the ocean to the river of her thoughts.”

“Oh, if he would love me as I love him,” she said to herself; “he is fond of me, but he treats me as a child, as his youngest daughter. This ought to be happiness enough for me. But I shall have to return to India in the autumn. Oh, if mamma would but leave me here another year. She was very nice, but it is so long since I have seen her—she is more like an idea to me—and he is a reality. Happy are his children, but they don’t half know it. Charlotte does; I almost envy her the right she has to worship him. Jane doesn’t care for him. There are times when I think she almost hates him. She shrinks from him, as the wicked spirit shrank from the spear of Ithuriel. Agnes, though she loves him, is a little afraid of him. With Charlotte, perfect love seems to cast out fear. Oh, it will kill me to leave him!”

34 *Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward.*

The next day Charlotte—whose health was always delicate—had to keep her room from the fatigue and excitement of the previous evening. At eleven o'clock Leila betook herself to the library for the usual hour of study with her guardian.

"You are pale, my child," he said; "late hours do not agree with you. I shall send you to play among the flowers with Agnes this morning."

"Oh, no," she said; "let me stay here—I will not disturb you. You can go on writing if you like;" and so she took a Latin book, and placing herself on the footstool with a certain wilful grace, she pretended to study.

"You are holding that book upside down," remarked Sir Thomas, turning from his desk and bending over. A vivid blush suffused her countenance, and she tossed the book impetuously to the other end of the room.

Sir Thomas regarded her attentively, and said, "You look feverish, child; let me feel your pulse."

She rose from her seat and looked on the ground, but without making any sign of obedience to this request. He took her hand and examined the wrist, which presented no alarming symptoms.

"Now go and pick up my Virgil," he said in a tone which was somewhat severe. She hesitated a moment. "Leila, do as I bid you," he reiterated. All the pride of young ladyhood was rising within her; she did not like to be commanded, even by him. He had generally spoiled her a little in the past, for there was a depth of tenderness in Sir Thomas's nature, and she had always been a special favourite of his. She looked up at him now with those large dark eyes of hers somewhat wistfully, but reading no sign of relenting on the marble brow, or on the firm lips, she burst into tears.

Sir Thomas could never bear to see women cry, and he was greatly annoyed.

"Leila," he exclaimed, "you are too old for these scenes of childish temper. Go to your



36 *Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward.*

room, until you can learn to command yourself like a lady."

She was in the act of running away, when he called her back—

"I never allow myself to be disobeyed," said he ; "bring me back my Virgil first."

She picked up the book, and threw it on the table as if it stung her. Then, with a resentful look at her guardian, she took her departure and slammed the door.





## CHAPTER IV.

“The light of love, the purity of grace,  
The mind, the music breathing from her face,  
The heart, whose softness harmonized the whole—  
And Oh ! that eye was in itself a soul.”

BYRON.

**A** FEW minutes after Leila had departed, Sir Thomas went to see his eldest daughter, who was lying on a couch in her room. Agnes, who had been hovering over her sister, saw from an expression in her father's face, that he wished to be alone with the invalid ; so she slipped quietly away. It was a pretty room, and tastefully appointed. There was an elegance about everything which Charlotte did, or superintended. You might have seen a great deal of her character in the collec-

tion of choice volumes which her library contained. A few pious images and engravings of rare beauty adorned the room. Agnes, who was the Flora of the family, had just placed a vase of flowers on the table, by the open window. Charlotte had inherited more of her father's mind and soul than either of the other children. There had always been so much intellectual sympathy between them, that from the age of thirteen Sir Thomas had treated her more like a younger sister than a daughter: for his nature was expansive, and Mrs. Blunt was reserved, and not much of a companion to him.

After putting some kind inquiries about her health, Sir Thomas approached the subject which was then making him uneasy, and related what had taken place that morning. Charlotte listened attentively: with a woman's instinct she had already fathomed Leila's secret, and possessed the clue to her strange behaviour.

"Papa darling," she said, "you must remember that Leila is no longer a child."

"Her temper seems more ungovernable than when she was a child."

"I did not mean that exactly; but I think a thorough change would be good for her—to go among fresh people, I mean. I think she is getting morbid and unreal."

"I wish you would have her a great deal with you. She looks up to you, and you might influence her for good. Agnes has a great deal of character, but she is too near her own age."

"Certainly I will, dear papa"—but she added, with an arch expression, which lit up the lilies of her complexion—"you must leave her quite to my management. I think she wants a governess just now, more than a tutor."

Sir Thomas looked puzzled for a moment—"Do you mean that my way of managing her is not the right one?" he asked; for he saw that more was implied than met his ear.

"I think that you are very good and very wise"—said Charlotte, "but there are problems which baffle the cleverest of men."

"But not the cleverest of women!" mischievously suggested her father.

"Certainly not—for the very reason that we are women," responded Charlotte.

Sir Thomas had a great respect for his daughter's understanding, but he had no idea of giving up his influence over his ward. He was greatly attached to her in a paternal fashion. Her pretty little ways amused him. It came naturally to him to rule other minds; and he had great confidence in his own power of doing this well.

The day passed without any overtures from Miss Raymond; but after night prayers, which were said in the library, Leila lingered behind the others, and as soon as the door was shut, she approached her guardian, took his hand between both of hers, and said,

"Father dear, I am very sorry for having been so rebellious this morning—forgive me"—and a little tear fell on the hand which she was clasping.

"I forgive you, my child," he said kindly, "but you must also ask pardon of God, for the pride and anger of which you have been guilty."

"O yes, I will," she said; "I have been so miserable all day; but I could not conquer myself until now."

"You deserved to be miserable, Leila, and you

never will be happy, till you learn to control your predominant passion."

"I am quite happy now," she said: and, indeed, she looked radiant, like the sun after a shower.

"Goodnight, dear child," he said, "don't forget your act of contrition."

"And you are not a bit displeased with me, now?" she added, looking wistfully up at him.

He stooped and imprinted a fatherly kiss on the girl's forehead, as he had been accustomed to do in her childhood, though he had left off the practice of late. A burning blush suffused her countenance. At this moment, Jane, who had left a prayer-book behind her, returned to the library, candle in hand, and deliberately surveyed the pair before her.

"What do you want, my dear?" said her father, facing round.

"I am sorry to have interrupted such a pathetic scene," said his daughter, for she was utterly deficient in delicate feeling. Leila rushed by her, and left the room.

42 *Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward.*

"It is time for you to retire to rest," said Sir Thomas, as his daughter lingered, for there was something in her manner which annoyed him.

"I am going directly," said Jane, "but this is a good opportunity for me to say a word, which I have wanted to say for a long time past. Don't be offended at my plain speaking, papa; but, I assure you, that the less petting Leila Raymond gets from you the better. You don't see what all the world sees—that girl is in love with you."

"Do I hear aright?" said Sir Thomas; and there was a severity in his tone before which even Jane, with all her audacity, trembled: "You make me more angry at this moment, than you ever did in your life."

"I dare say I do—but it is time that somebody spoke to you. Charlotte sees it as plainly as I do, only she has not the pluck to tell you the truth, as I have done. She is too high-flown and refined."

At this moment Sir Thomas remembered certain remarks which his eldest daughter had

made that morning, and a painful surmise came over his mind. Though he was a man of great natural penetration, he was sometimes in the habit of reading character according to certain preconceptions of his own. On this occasion he was somewhat obstinate, and would not see the light which his daughter held so unceremoniously before his eyes.

"Jane," he exclaimed, "you must be either mad or wicked to think of such a thing!" and his grey eyes flashed under the long black lashes.

"And is Charlotte either mad or wicked?" inquired Jane, with provoking sarcasm.

"Either Charlotte or yourself will incur my severe displeasure if you ever hint at such a possibility as that which you have now suggested. You ought to regard Leila with the tenderness due to a younger sister, and I shall not permit the insane supposition which your impertinence has originated, to hinder the ease of my relations with my adopted child."

"Good Heavens!" cried Jane, "isn't she going back to India in the autumn? It is the proper place for her."



#### 44 *Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward.*

“I wish,” said her father, “that you would control the violence of your expressions and of your manner, which is most unlady-like. The sooner you leave my presence the better, for your conduct to-night is simply intolerable. And mark me,” he added, his temper rising, “if you presume to say one word to that poor child, such as you have said to me, you will leave this house for the salutary seclusion of a convent.”

Jane was under age, and knew that her father was capable of fulfilling this threat. The dull life which she would probably lead as a boarder did not commend itself to her imagination.

The moment that Sir Thomas was alone, he threw himself on his knees before his crucifix, and battled with the storm which was convulsing his soul. Such behaviour from an indifferent person would have wounded his feelings; from a daughter it was almost insupportable.



## CHAPTER V.

“Are not the mountains, waves and skies, a part  
Of me and of my soul, as I of them ?  
Is not the love of these deep in my heart,  
With a pure passion ?”

BYRON.

**T**HE month of August found the Maxwell family established at Lucerne, with the exception of Charlotte, who had received a pressing invitation to visit her old friend, Lady Clare, at Clarendon Park. Jane had no great love for scenery, she liked the excitement of people ; but the two younger girls were enraptured by the sight of the Alps. They had taken up their abode in one of the best hotels, which overlooks the beautiful lake

of the four Cantons. There was an English lady who had known the family in former times, and who had purchased a house in the neighbourhood. Her name was Mrs. Lawrence; she was the mother of a certain Henry who has been alluded to in these pages. She lost no time in calling on Mrs. Blunt and the young ladies, and she invited them to her pretty château. Sir Thomas had taken the precaution to ascertain that the Captain was in England with his regiment, before he would consent to come to Lucerne. He had no objection to Mrs. Lawrence as an acquaintance for the girls. She professed a great affection for them for their mother's sake. She was a charming person, full of vivacity, and she always had an agreeable circle of friends at her house. She spent the greatest part of the year in Switzerland.

The astonishment of Sir Thomas Maxwell may be conceived when, about a fortnight after their arrival at Lucerne, the captain unexpectedly made his appearance at a fête cham-

pêtre, which was given by his mother in honour of the English family. It was impossible to be otherwise than polite to a man, meeting him, so to speak, on his own ground; still, it was an embarrassing rencontre, even to the high-bred courtesy of Sir Thomas. Henry Lawrence had a good deal of assurance; he made himself delightful to the whole company, and was particularly attentive to Miss Raymond. Jane looked on with jealous eyes, though she knew that it was only a piece of policy on her lover's part.

She had never seen Leila look so entrancingly beautiful, nor had she ever heard her converse so charmingly. The little witch seemed to have the art of drawing out all that was brilliant in Henry; in fact, she was acting a part. She was aware that her guardian was watching her, and this gave her the necessary stimulus. He knew that she was clever, but he was himself astonished at the quickness of her repartees. She was asked to sing, and she sang—

“Let me love thee, let me bask in the sunshine of thy beauty.”

48 *Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward.*

Presently Mrs. Lawrence sat down to the piano, and commenced a waltz. The young people paired themselves immediately. Henry claimed the honour from Leila. She danced like a fairy, or, rather, like an enchantress. When the music finished, Sir Thomas prevented a repetition of the enjoyment, for such it was to Henry, by saying to her gravely, "Don't waltz any more to-night, Leila. If you want an excuse, give the true one, and say that I forbid you."

Their eyes met in a long, searching gaze. Sir Thomas had the art of reading the thoughts of others, while he reserved his own like a splendid enigma.

"You are a tyrant," said Leila, withdrawing her gaze, but she looked all the while as if tyranny from him was sweeter to her than kindness from another. "If you make me give up my pleasure," she added, "you ought to give me something in return. Will you take me away from these hot rooms? Let us go through the shrubbery down to the fountain."

"By all means, little lady," he said, offering her his arm, with a majesty and grace which threw the fascinations of younger men into the shade. And she felt very proud of him as she walked away.

Henry availed himself of this opportunity to exchange a few words with his betrothed, to appoint a time when they might converse uninterruptedly.

"Did you ever see such a flirt?" asked Jane, pointing with her fan to Leila, who was descending the steps from a glass door belonging to the principal salon, on her guardian's arm.

"Of course I know better than to praise one young lady to another," said Captain Lawrence. "But when can I see you alone?"

"Come to our hotel about noon," said Jane.

The next morning she took care not to appear at breakfast, alleging a bad headache as an excuse for remaining in her room. Sir Thomas had ordered a carriage, to take the whole party to a picturesque village about ten miles from Lucerne. The day was splendid; there was a

transparency in the atmosphere such as we never see in our northern climes.

"It is a pity that Jane cannot come," remarked Mrs. Blunt, when they were on the point of starting; "and she won't let any one stay with her. She says that she is best alone."

Jane heard this remark from her open window. Her headache was a ruse. As soon as the carriage had driven off, she rose, arrayed herself in the neatest of morning dresses, and came down to the salon. She had not been long there when a visitor was announced: no other, of course, than Captain Lawrence. Their interview was long and exciting. It was not an unmixed pleasure to Jane, for she thought that there was a diminution of warmth in her lover's attentions, and she was not slow in attributing this change to the impression which the fascinating Leila had made on him the evening before. They agreed that whenever they might chance to meet in company they were to be particularly guarded, until their plans of action should be matured. Henry de-

clared that the health of his aunt was failing fast, and that they would not have long to wait for the completion of their wishes ; meantime the utmost caution must be observed.

They managed to carry out this project of enacting mutual coldness in the presence of others so successfully, that Sir Thomas began to think that his daughter was acquiescing in his wishes.

One fine afternoon he engaged a large boat to take his family and the Lawrences an excursion on the lake. Every one was in capital spirits. They went on shore to partake of coffee, which was laid out in an arbour commanding a fine prospect of mountain, wood, and water. The two gentlemen took a walk afterwards together. It was the captain's policy to propitiate Sir Thomas. By degrees they got into a conversation on religious matters.

" I fancy," began Henry, " that if you and I, Sir Thomas, were to compare notes, we should not be found to differ so broadly as you at this moment may suppose. I have the greatest



respect for the Roman Catholic religion, and I very often come to your worship."

"But you do not pray with us, you do not recognize the Sacrifice, which is offered on our altars!"

"There is a great deal in your ceremonies which I admire; and in fact where we have no temple of our own, we come to your churches, as the best and only substitute."

"We cannot accept this conduct of yours," said Sir Thomas, "as any indication of true brotherhood. It is merely the unconscious homage which error pays to truth. I believe, sir, I am not mistaken, in assuming you to be a Positivist?"

Captain Lawrence bowed, and continued—"We worship the same God, though under different conditions. We have no objection to the representation of the Madonna and Child."

"Pardon me, we do not worship the same God. The object of our adoration is one God in Three Persons. You think proper to deify humanity, just as the heathens deified nature. Your

system is analagous, though not identical, with Pantheism. It is not long since I entered the house of a relative of mine, who unfortunately holds your opinions. If I had not been forewarned, I might have been misled by the first sight which met me in the hall, a magnificent representation of the Virgin and Child. But I knew that it was only meant to symbolize nature and humanity. You have endeavoured also to imitate the celestial court of angels and saints, but you have only produced in their stead a set of heroes inferior, in my mind, to old Homer's conceptions ; for, at any rate, there was something preternatural about them."

"I suppose you will not deny," said Captain Lawrence, "that our moral practice is better than that of many Christians?"

"I have no wish to deny it," said Sir Thomas ; "a universal philanthropy is often more amiable in its fruits than an unswerving theology. But your philosophy will never produce anything above the ordinary line. You will never rise to heroic virtue. You will never emulate some of

our saints, whom you cannot help admiring ; and who owed the grandeur of character which moves you, to the supernatural principles which you deny."

"I like a religion," said Captain Lawrence, "that is within my comprehension, something that I can grasp, as I grasp this Alpine rose," and he plucked one.

"For which very reason," rejoined Sir Thomas, "it is no religion, but a simple philosophy. There is no religion without mystery. It is no argument against a dogma, to say that it is incomprehensible. The great God Who made us, —Whom our finite mind can conceive but cannot contain,—'the cup of the finite can support, though it cannot receive the globe of the Infinite'\*—has exacted from us that we should believe ; He does not require that we should understand."

"Then you admit that Christianity is contrary to reason ?"

"It is not against reason, but above reason, as

\* Monsignor Capel.

heaven is above earth. We shall understand it all some day, when the light of glory is infused into our intellect. But that is a consummation which you do not even aspire to. You are satisfied to look forward to a state of general absorption in humanity. I cannot conceive the attraction which such a notion can present to any thinking glowing mind, conscious of its own identity, and of its Maker's undying image."

"At any rate," said the Captain, "we escape your dreadful doctrine of eternal flames—"

"In which the justice of God shines, an awfully magnificent attribute—beautiful even in its severity—without which God would be no God. It is only in the God of Christians, in the God Who is represented to us by the Catholic Church, that all opposite perfections are blended in a complete harmony. From His justice, you must turn to the prodigality of His love and mercy. From the dark world of condemned spirits, you must turn to the great universe, with its countless systems, and to the vast heavens, in which millions upon millions

of the blessed will so far outnumber the lost, that these latter will seem, perhaps, like a few autumn leaves in comparison with the wealth of summer foliage."

At this point of the conversation, they came round to the garden, where the ladies had finished their preparations for returning home.

Mrs. Lawrence had engaged Jane to bring her work, and spend the next morning at the château. Sir Thomas was rather startled at lunch, when he heard that this invitation had been given and accepted, though he had not the faintest idea how far matters had already gone between Henry Lawrence and his daughter. Jane had hoped to return home in time to avoid questioning ; but the Captain had walked part of the way with her, and they had lingered on the road. Sir Thomas reproved the young lady for having gone out alone, and strictly forbade her, during the remainder of their stay at Lucerne, to leave the hotel unattended. A letter from Charlotte arrived about this time.

“Clarendon Park,  
“Worcestershire, August 30.

“MY DEAREST PAPA,

“I hope you are all enjoying yourselves as much as I am. We have had a succession of cloudless days. Lady Clare is like a mother in her kindness to me. The house is full of agreeable people. Sir Julius is greatly improved since he made the tour of Europe. But the person who interests me most, is the new chaplain, Father Austin. He belongs to the Third Order of St. Dominick. He is one of the cleverest men whom I ever came across; and he has a way of making religion attractive to every one. He is taking great pains with me just now. Willie is his pupil, and as he is studying for the Church, he gets a theological lecture every morning. Sometimes I coax Lady Clare to bring her knitting and come with me into the study, when this is going on. Father Austin was kind enough to say that we might do so. He is of opinion that it would be a good thing for ladies to get more ‘strong teaching,’ as he calls it, on the

subject of religion, than is usually thought necessary. I never realized the full beauty and grandeur of many of our doctrines, until I heard them expounded by him. And then he has a way of attracting the heart to God through the intellect. He is the strictest Confessor I ever met, though so kind. He expects a great deal more from me in the way of piety, than I have been in the habit of practising. It is only to you, my own very dear papa, that I should mention these things; but writing to you is like communing with one's own soul.

“Your most affectionate

“CHARLOTTE.”

And indeed it was true that Father Austin was doing God's work for Miss Maxwell; and he was doing it in no ordinary way. He found in her a disciple, whose elevated mind and generous soul could appreciate his high teaching. He pointed out to her her faults with a father's frankness. Her nature was sensitive and fastidious to a degree: in fact, she was a little over

refined:—he taught her to place a value on mortification. She was naturally proud and fond of ruling others, with that pretty graceful sceptre of hers—he taught her how to obey. Though she had acquired considerable mastery over a quick temper, there was still a great deal of impetuosity connected with her ardent feelings and strong affections, which stood in need of a curb. This visit to Clarendon Park was an era in her life, and in the history of her mind. From this time she resolved to devote herself to the practice of perfection, as far as it is attainable in the world. It was the first time that she had met with an ecclesiastic who thoroughly comprehended her, and who had both the ability and the leisure to cultivate the holy aspirations and tendencies which were the product of Divine grace. She resolved to make him her director for the future, and to be altogether obedient to his counsels.







## CHAPTER VI.

"There are fatal days indeed,  
In which the fibrous years have taken root,  
So deeply, that they quiver to their tops,  
Whene'er you stir the dust of such a day."

BROWNING.

**A**GNES and Leila occupied the same apartment. Their wondows commanded a magnificent view of the Alps. They were sitting together on the same couch one evening, admiring the beauty of the scene.

"Life is worth having, if it were only to enjoy such a view as this," said Agnes.

"Yes, darling," said Leila rather absently, "I used to be mad about scenery, but of late I think that I have got to live more upon ideas."

Can you guess," she added, with a sudden change of manner, "what makes Jane so cross and spiteful to me?"

"I think I can," said Agnes, while a sensitive blush deepened the rose on her cheek.

"I wish you would tell me then," urged Leila, drawing closer to her friend.

"It is evident," said Agnes, "that Captain Lawrence admires you."

"Well, what of that?" said Leila, shaking her dark curls.

"It is also evident that Jane likes Captain Lawrence."

"Yes," said Leila, "she always acts as if she had a right to monopolize him, but abstains from doing it. I have never seen him pay her any marked attentions."

"I suspect," said Agnes, "from something Charlotte told me, that there was more between them last year than we were aware of. Don't you remember she tried to make a mystery of their acquaintance, on the night of the meeting, before we left home?"

"She needn't be jealous of me," remarked Leila; "I don't care two straws for him."

"Then I wouldn't make myself quite so agreeable to him," responded Agnes.

"Oh," said Leila, with a conscious blush, for the little puss knew that she had done her best to be fascinating, not with the view of enchaining Captain Lawrence, but in the idle hope of piquing her guardian, who had reproved her once or twice for this conduct; then she hid her face in Agnes's drapery.

"You know that you have been very naughty, Leila," continued Agnes, with a pretty attempt at scolding. "I wonder that you like to displease papa, by doing what he so manifestly disapproves."

"Hush, here he comes," said Leila, her quick ear detecting the beloved footstep as he approached the door.

"Can I come in?" he asked. "I want you two young ladies to take a walk with me this evening. We shall be just in time to catch the sunset from the Gutch. Jane is occupied with her aunt in the salon."

"Oh, how delightful!" cried both the girls in a breath.

In a few minutes they were equipped, and ascending the mountain side with Sir Thomas. When they came to a convenient spot they sat down on the grass, and gazed upon a firmament of glory. The snowy Alps caught and reflected the rays of the departing sun, and the sky was all gold and vermillion.

"Fair image of a fairer world!" said Sir Thomas; then, after a pause, he added, "I have something to tell you, children, which Charlotte already knows by letter. I hope there is a happy future in store for all of you. As soon as I have made certain arrangements for the advantage of my daughters—my four daughters"—and he gave an expressive glance towards Leila—"I shall be free to follow the vocation which our good God has given me."

"Papa!" cried Agnes, breathless with surprise.

Leila did not speak, but her cheek turned as pale as the white piqué dress she wore.

"Do you guess what I mean?" said Sir

64 *Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward.*

Thomas. "I have an ambition to enter the Priesthood, and end my days at the altar."

Agnes was deeply moved ; she lifted his hand to his lips, and murmured, "My own dear papa !"

"What's the matter ?" exclaimed the baronet abruptly, for the lady on the other side of him was lying on the grass insensible.

"She has fainted !" cried Agnes, more terrified than surprised. The truth broke on Sir Thomas. Some water was procured from the nearest brook ; but it was a long time before Leila was sufficiently recovered to return home. From that hour Sir Thomas avoided being alone with his ward. His heart was full of a deep compassion for her ; there was a kind thoughtfulness in his eye whenever it rested upon her, but he seldom spoke to her. He felt that they must part, but he wished to do nothing abruptly.

A few days after they were to spend an evening at the château. Agnes regarded Leila anxiously, as she was completing her toilet.

The latter had scarcely slept for some nights past, and her cheeks had grown pale. Agnes had carefully avoided making the slightest allusion to the scene on the Gutch. Just now there was a strange light in Miss Raymond's eye, and a sort of desperate resolution in her manner. She wore a dress of black silk, flounced to the waist, which swept the ground. She put on her jet ornaments, and adjusted one white rose in her raven hair, and another in the bosom of her dress.

Mrs. Lawrence had invited a large party. Miss Raymond made herself agreeable to every one, and especially to the Captain. There was a fascination about her which positively bewildered him. He was ceasing to care for Jane, though he intended to keep his word and marry her. In the meantime why should he not enjoy the society of this brilliant girl, whom it was his duty to entertain?

During an interval, after refreshments had been partaken of, while preparations were being made for dancing, Jane gave a somewhat impe-

rious signal to her betrothed that he was to follow her into the flower-garden. As soon as they got into a shady avenue she could keep her temper no longer, and commenced an attack on him for his open flirtation with Miss Raymond.

"I thought it was your own wish," he replied, "that we were to enact that little double game, to draw off attention from ourselves."

"Yes, but you are going too far; that girl, who is a *diablesse*, is positively fooling you. And yet she doesn't care for you a bit: I know that for a fact."

"You seem to be very certain about the state of another young lady's heart," he said rather mockingly.

"Why you must be an idiot," she retorted, "if you don't see that one hair of my father's head is dearer to her than all the rest of the world. The little fool won't get him though!"

Jane had her reasons for not confiding her parent's intentions of becoming a Priest to her betrothed.

"Miss Raymond is a mere child compared to Sir Thomas Maxwell," remarked the Captain.

"She is, without exception, the deepest girl I ever came across. I can't think what you can see in her to admire, unless it be her fortune. But you men are all alike," she added with a sneer; "a pretty face is very well, but money is still better."

"You don't mean to insinuate that you are sketching my character at the present moment?"

"Indeed I do; I think you are capable of anything, after the fickleness that I have seen in you."

"Miss Maxwell," he said, "I must insist on your at once withdrawing the insinuation which you have just made against my honour as a gentleman."

"You only want a pretext to break off our engagement," she exclaimed.

"You had better say that again!" said he.

"I say it again," she cried, half beside herself with jealousy and mortification.



"Then all is over between us. Ladies are privileged to say a great deal, but they have no right to take away a man's character to his face."

"It is as I thought," she said. "You have been only waiting for an excuse to break off. But you won't get your golden idol! Papa will take good care of that. You are a false, deceitful man."

"I am thankful that you have shown yourself in your true colours before it was too late. But I would have kept my troth to you if you had behaved yourself. Miss Maxwell, I have the honour of bidding you adieu—I see your sister coming."

He made an obeisance to each of the young ladies, and departed. Jane could almost have bitten off her tongue, in her rage and self-vexation for the fatal words which she had uttered. She could not make her appearance again in company, nor could she bring herself to explain to Agnes what had happened. She got a servant to order the carriage, and requested her

sister to make an excuse of sudden indisposition to their father and hostess. Agnes wished to return to the hotel with her, but Jane would not hear of this. Agnes was too truthful to utter any prevarication; she merely announced that her sister felt unequal to rejoin the party.

Captain Lawrence had the felicity of a round dance with Leila. Sir Thomas looked on for a moment in amazement, for he had forbidden his ward to waltz with any one a few days previously. He then walked out into the grounds to avoid a sight so painful to him as the open and flat disobedience of a girl whom he had loved and cherished as a daughter. When there was a pause in the music, Captain Lawrence whispered a few words of admiration in Miss Raymond's ear. She said nothing, but looked up with one of her glorious smiles. Soon after this, Sir Thomas gave the signal for the return home.

"Give me the rose from your corsage," said the Captain, as he placed Leila in the carriage, by the side of Agnes. The request had just

been complied with, as Sir Thomas turned from bidding adieu to his hostess.

The next morning, Jane was really ill, and her aunt was in attendance on her. After breakfast, Sir Thomas desired Agnes to go and see her sister. He then drew a chair to the verandah, where Leila was sitting, and apparently reading a novel, and commenced—

“Though you seem to have lost all regard for my wishes, child— you must remember that you are still under my authority, until your mother has you again under her protection. I did not choose to make a scene last night, by interfering, as I had the right to do, between yourself and Captain Lawrence. But I insist upon it, that you cease to encourage his attentions to yourself. I was shocked to see the way in which you flirted with him yesterday.”

“He admires me, and he cares for me,” said Leila, fixing her dark eyes on her guardian.

“He is a man, who, though the son of an old friend, was not allowed by me to pay his addresses to one of my daughters. In that light I

have always regarded you. Will you give me your word of honour, that you will encourage him no more?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Leila evasively; "one can't help being civil to people."

"Have any letters passed between you?"

"No," faltered the girl, with her eyes on the ground. Now it happened that very morning, that a bouquet had found its way to Miss Raymond's dressing-table, and there was a note twined among the flowers.

"Do you decline giving me the promise I require?" asked Sir Thomas.

Leila was in a defiant humour, and for the moment she seemed to forget whom she was dealing with: she replied with the air of a princess, "I do."

Her guardian rose, and left the room. About an hour afterwards, he returned, and informed his ward that every arrangement was made for her immediate return to England, in company with Mrs. Blunt. They were to start that evening. Jane, not being in a condition to travel

would remain at Lucerne with himself and Agnes. Leila was thrown into a state of despair by this announcement. There was something in Sir Thomas's manner which betokened an unswerving resolve. She went up to him, she took his hand, she tried some of her coaxing ways.

"My own father," she said, "forgive me this time, and I will promise any thing you like."

And she looked up at him imploringly—at that moment she was bewilderingly pretty. There was a world of softness and supplication in those dark eyes. Sir Thomas was not a man insensible to personal charms. Quite the contrary: his artistic eye appreciated beauty under all circumstances; but he had a rare and marvellous dominion over the realm of sense. He looked down upon her, and said quite calmly—

"I forgive you, child, but you must take the punishment of your disobedience."

"O do not send me away," she pleaded; "the time will be so short before the autumn comes, and I shall have to leave you all. O, for Agnes' sake, spare me—do not separate us yet. It will break my heart," and she burst into tears.

Sir Thomas looked at her with pity—she had been very dear to him in the past. He was in the act of so far relaxing his decision as to think of sending Agnes home with her—when his eagle eye, which nothing escaped, caught sight of a letter on the ground, which Leila had unconsciously drawn out, along with her handkerchief. The handwriting was Captain Lawrence's. He picked it up, and showed it to her.

"Treacherous girl!" he exclaimed in real anger, "you have deceived me!"

"O give me my letter," she cried—"you could not read a letter addressed to another person."

"I have a perfect right to read this one," said Sir Thomas; "but instead of doing so, I shall send it back to the writer. And you have descended to this baseness," he added, "for the sake of a man, for whom you do not care a straw!"

"You are cruel," she exclaimed; "cruel and tyrannical."

"I restrain you with a firm hand," he said,

74 *Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward.*

“that you may not rush to your own destruction.”

“Captain Lawrence would not injure me—he is a man of honour.”

“But he does not even profess himself a Christian. Leila, though you have lost my respect, and forfeited my affection, I will save you from this precipice!”

“You had better be careful what you do,” she said; “I should be a desperate person, if I were driven to extremities!”

“I am quite aware of that,” he said with his look of power, before which the excited girl trembled. And yet she had never loved him so much as she did at that moment, she had never admired him so much—her manner suddenly changed—she fell on her knees, she kissed his hand, and cried—

“O do what you like with that letter! do what you like with me! only do not send me away—let me be your child again!”

Sir Thomas was deeply moved—if she had not deceived him, he might have changed his

purpose, but he could not trust her. He felt with the instinct of a noble-minded man, that her love for him, even with all its wildness, was pure as the untrodden snow which lay on the mountain heights before them. But he knew that it must be repressed in time, and that separation was inevitable, at least for a while, until the electricity should have departed from her affection, like lightning from a summer cloud. As for himself, such was the calibre of his mind, and such the loftiness of his high resolve—that he could pass among the young and the fair as safely and securely as the Archangel Gabriel might have done. There was a holy grandeur on his marble brow, and there was a vibration of irresistible pathos in his voice, as he raised the girl from her humble position, and said—

“You must not remain at my feet, Leila, though the temporary humiliation was good for you. It is better that we should part: though you do not know what it costs me to send you away!”



She caught her advantage—she seized his hand, and covered it with repentant tears—

“O I am so sorry,” she exclaimed; “I would give my life not to have displeased you. I have been very much in the wrong, but forgive me, dearest father, as you hope to be forgiven!”

It was almost more than he could bear—the presence of so much beauty and affection dissolved in tears. But he thought of her soul—already he began to feel like a priest, so he replied in a tone which went straight to her heart—

“I forgive you, child, but I cannot reverse my decision.” She clenched his hand in her fairy fingers, but he drew it away, and added—“The only way in which you can regain my good opinion, is by acquiescing in my will at the present crisis. If you are obedient now, and turn over a new leaf for the future, you may get back my regard. Leila, I never thought that you would try me as you have done!”

When the elfish thing saw that her entreaties, and even her endearments, were of no avail, her pride was deeply wounded, and she left him in silence.

She would not trouble herself to make the least preparation for the impending journey; but, at the appointed hour, she found all her luggage arranged in the vestibule, and Mrs. Blunt said to her, quite as a matter of course, "Now, dear, put on your hat, for my brother has ordered the carriage."

Leila felt that resistance would be useless and undignified. Sir Thomas accompanied them to the station, and in a few days they were again domesticated at the Elms.

To describe Miss Raymond's state of mind during the month which followed, would be simply impossible. She was almost delirious with grief. She wandered about the house and grounds like a haunting spirit, and she fancied that she could realize what theologians mean when they talk of "the pain of loss." The presence which had been the joy of her life was withdrawn, and earth had become a horrible blank.

In the meantime, Charlotte had received the letter which informed her of her father's voca-

tion. It was a fearful blow to her—a desolating stroke. She could hardly bring herself to contemplate a life without that beloved companionship. For the first few days after receiving the news, she was so prostrated that Lady Clare was seriously apprehensive about her health.

Father Austin did his best to comfort her. The vicinity of a holy and supernatural person is of itself a great support on these occasions.

“Father,” said Charlotte, when they were alone together, “I know it is very wrong of me. I ought to be glad that papa has chosen the better part.”

“My dear child,” said the Priest, “do not reproach yourself. You are full of enthusiasm. You go on like a rushing river, and a thing like this knocks you down.”

“Indeed it does—I feel that I have made an idol of him. He is more than all the world to me, dearer to me than my very soul.”

“And therefore, dear child, our Divine Lord, Who wishes to attract you to Himself, takes

away your idol, in order that you may love Him more perfectly. He has so few lovers in this world, that those who can—His own special children like yourself—must try to love Him with all their affections. Offer up this heavy cross to Jesus Christ, and throw yourself into His arms, with an act of trusting resignation.”

“Yes, Father, I will try, but at present I feel stunned.”

“Of course you do, and you need not be discouraged. A sensitive soul is capable of a more intimate union with our dear Lord than a person with less feeling.”

“Oh, how good it is of you to say that; but I shall feel crushed all my life, I know I shall.”

“Not all your life, my child. Though you are not aware of it, there is an elasticity in your mind and character which will assert itself in due time.”

And so it proved. Though Charlotte keenly felt the wound, she was too unselfish to inflict her depression on others, after the first week or two. And the attempt to seem cheerful for

80 *Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward.*

the sake of her friends—who could not bear to see her pale cheeks, heavy eyes, and languid manner—assisted her to recover in some degree the balance of her mind. She was glad, however, to make Leila's return to the Elms an excuse for shortening her visit at Clarendon Park. This was a great disappointment to Sir Julius, who had become deeply attached to her, and who even envied Father Austin his province as consoler. He took an opportunity of acknowledging to his mother how very dear Miss Maxwell was to him. Lady Clare would have liked nothing better than such an alliance, but she felt that Charlotte was entrusted to her, and she would not consent to any declaration of affection from Sir Julius until he should have spoken to the young lady's father. For this reason she made less objection than she would have otherwise done to Charlotte's returning home somewhat earlier than was intended.

Sir Thomas had apprised his eldest daughter of all that had taken place at Lucerne. She

felt deeply for Leila, and did all she could to comfort her, but in vain. There was a rebellious spirit in the latter which refused consolation. She telegraphed to her mother in India that she was not to expect her, before the spring. Mrs. Raymond was astonished at the independence of this proceeding; but as she was in the act of contemplating second marriage, it rather suited her convenience.





## CHAPTER VII.

“And to be wroth with one we love,  
Doth work like madness in the brain.”

COLERIDGE.

**A**BOUT the end of October, Sir Thomas Maxwell and his two younger daughters returned to the Elms. Jane had conceived a violent hatred towards Leila, and their meeting was a most painful one. Sir Thomas only remained in England for a fortnight, as he had decided to go to Rome for the next few months, and to take Charlotte with him. This was indeed a delight to her, the best remedy he could have devised to cheer her drooping spirits. He was not misled by the gaiety which she strove to

assume: he saw how deeply the arrow had entered into her heart. He found a letter awaiting him from Sir Julius Clare, requesting his paternal permission to propose to Miss Maxwell. Sir Thomas thought that this might be a happy diversion to his daughter's mind, and he called her into the library to show her the letter.

"Sir Julius will have my warmest approval," he remarked; "there is no man I know on whom I would bestow the hand of my darling child so readily."

"No, dear papa," said Charlotte, "do not let him think of me. I have a great esteem for him, but that is all."

"Perhaps it is all that you are expected to have just at present," said Sir Thomas with an arch smile; "'the way to love, thy lord must show!'"

"But I can't bear the thought of it," said Charlotte. "No, dear papa, put it out of your mind; I know you are anxious for my happiness, but it would not make me happy to marry



Sir Julius Clare—or, indeed, any one,” she added, with unusual decision.

“It is premature,” observed her father, “to make any pledges on the subject; but of course you are free to act as you please. I can only give you my advice, and that I do most strenuously. I counsel you to reconsider the matter. I will give you three days to ponder over it.”

“I will do any thing you wish, dearest; but I know what my answer will be.”

“Do not let any of your romantic and ultra-refined ideas blind you to the advantages which are offered you by this alliance. It would be a great relief to my mind to see you happily united to one who is in every way worthy of you.”

“But supposing,” said Charlotte, falling on one knee by her father’s side, and tenderly embracing him, “that from a desire for perfection I preferred to think only of our Divine Lord?”

“In that case,” replied Sir Thomas, pressing her to his heart, “I have not a word more to say. You are, without exception, the most

precious thing which God has ever given me. The King of Heaven has a right to reclaim His own gift! Tell me, my own child, do you wish to enter Religion?"

"I think not, dear papa; but Father Austin has pointed out to me that I may lead a spiritual life in the world—that I may be an *Ancilla Domini* without entering a cloister."

"Well, dear child, I think you ought to write to your director, and if he approves of your decision at the present crisis, I will convey your rejection to Sir Julius in the kindest terms I can. But would you really like to live on here, after I am gone, under the protection of your aunt, without a definite object in life?"

"I should have a definite object," said Charlotte, with a tremor in her voice, as she thought of the parting that was to come; "there are plenty of poor and sick people in the neighbourhood, besides ignorant persons who want instruction."

"God bless you!" said her father fervently.

Sir Thomas took care to see very little of

Leila during his stay in town. He resolved on this line of conduct for her good, hoping thereby to diminish the poor girl's infatuation. But Miss Raymond's mind was ill regulated, and her will was untamed. She was too proud to intrude on his presence : in fact she tried hard to hate him. On the occasions when they met, his manner to her was gentle, though of course reserved, while hers in return was alternately cold and defiant. Towards Jane he had been particularly tender since the last party at Mrs. Lawrence's. She did not choose to confide in him, or to tell him anything of what had happened ; but he saw that she was unhappy, and he tried to cheer her. Her nature was a resentful one ; she could not forgive the way in which he had repulsed the Captain at an earlier stage of their acquaintance. Still she could not help being affected by the sympathy of such a parent, all the more that he asked no questions. He knew from Agnes that there had been a scene between Jane and her former lover.

Sir Julius Clare was greatly distressed by Miss Maxwell's rejection of his suit. Lady Clare spent part of the winter in London, and often invited the young ladies of the Elms to her house, after Sir Thomas and Charlotte had set out for the Eternal City. Jane did not choose to wear the willow, so she accepted every invitation that came to her.

One evening, as she was in the act of entering the drawing-room before dinner, she perceived Leila crouched on the hearthrug, reading a letter by the firelight. She advanced stealthily, and before Miss Raymond was aware that she was in the room, she was bending over her, and taking a survey of the handwriting, which she recognized in a moment. She made a dash at the letter.

"How dare you?" exclaimed Leila.

"How dare you receive letters in secret, contrary to the orders of your guardian?" demanded the other.

Jane was in the act of trying to get possession of the epistle, when Mrs. Blunt made her appearance.

88 *Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward.*

"What, quarrelling!" she said; "this must not be, young ladies. I am quite shocked."

Jane turned to her aunt, and cried, "You have reason to be; Miss Raymond is carrying on a clandestine correspondence with a gentleman."

"I am very sorry," said Mrs. Blunt, turning to the accused; "what will your mother say? What will your guardian say?"

But Leila was reckless. "I don't care what they say," she said. "Jane, you are a wicked, cruel girl!"

"I cannot allow this," said Mrs. Blunt. "Let me see your letter, Leila."

"Never," said the girl; "no one has any right to interfere with my correspondence."

"Have you no fear of what Sir Thomas may say or do, when he hears of this?"

"None," said Leila, desperately. "I fear nothing in this world, or in the next. If you will excuse me, I will retire to my room, without encountering the ceremony of dinner to-day."

Miss Raymond was always graceful, even when most excited. She made a courteous bend to Mrs. Blunt, and went to her chamber, locking the door. It was not long before Agnes followed her there, with the wing of a chicken.

"Go away, darling," cried Miss Raymond; "I can't eat, and I want to be alone."

But Agnes would take no refusal, and after a considerable parley, she won admittance.

"My own Leila," she began, "tell me about your trouble. There is nothing I would not do for you."

"But you can do nothing, dearest. Jane is a *diabliesse*! I hate the very sight of her!"

"I am sorry that she has been unkind to you. But you see, dear, you had put yourself in the wrong by writing letters in secret. I would not have believed it of you."

"Oh, you are a very pretty lecturer," said Leila; "but when the people whom we most trusted in, turn against us, it makes one feel ready for anything."

"You mean papa; he has not turned against

you. There are few things that he cares for more than he does for your welfare."

"But he has been cruel to me. There is a vein of marble in his character."

"Look back on your life," said Agnes; "has any one ever loved and cherished you more than my father has done?"

"No one," exclaimed Leila; "and the worst of it is, I love him still. To no one but you, who have been more than a sister to me, would I make this confession. I suppose you are shocked at my caring so much for a man, who does not return my affection."

"Leila, dearest," said her friend, "I think that there is great allowance to be made for you. You did not know what you were about, you were so young and inexperienced. But now, for your own peace of mind, for your own dignity as a woman, you must try to turn your thoughts into another channel."

"Perhaps I do," said Leila, "but it is all in vain; his image has become an *idée fixe*, burning into my brain."

“And feeling as you do, you can condescend to trifle with another man?”

“Who said it was trifling?” asked Miss Raymond, raising her dark eyes to those of Agnes.

“If it is serious, so much the worse,” said her friend; “but I cannot believe it. You would not be so wicked as to give your hand to one man, while your heart was occupied by another. And I am sure you could not resolve so utterly to grieve and disappoint papa.”

“Don’t be too sure of that. I am glad that it is still in my power to make him feel on my account. I should like to make him feel a little pain, in return for what he has inflicted on me.”

“I never knew that you were revengeful before,” said Agnes, rising from her chair in beautiful indignation.

“Don’t leave me in anger,” cried Leila; “come back and kiss me.”

And the little witch looked so forlorn that Agnes was touched.

“Promise me that you will put away these



evil thoughts," she said, as she pressed her lips to the young girl's brow.

Leila murmured something which was incomprehensible.

Of course Miss Raymond was encompassed with stricter vigilance than ever after this occurrence.

Sir Thomas and Charlotte enjoyed their winter at Rome beyond measure. They found, as all good and fervent Catholics must find, that their faith and fervour were alike increased by coming in contact with the very soul and centre of Christendom. They assisted at the Holy Father's Mass on Christmas-day, and heard the silver trumpets. At Santa Sabina they met Father Austin, who had come to Rome for a few weeks on business. He was a tertiary of the Dominican Order. This rencontre was a great pleasure to all parties. Sir Thomas invited the Priest to dine at his hotel. They were kindred spirits, and it was a delight to Charlotte to listen to their conversation. Still she was pained to perceive certain symp-

toms of delicate health in Father Austin, which she had not noticed during her stay in Worcestershire. He would not acknowledge that he was ill, and seemed in good spirits. Time fled away on wings of light. Our friends were presented to the Holy Father, who took a great interest in them, and gave his special blessing on Sir Thomas' project of entering the priesthood. In the midst of their happiness, the following letter arrived from Agnes:—

“The Elms, Feb. 10.

“MY DEAREST PAPA,

“I am grieved to tell you that Leila has disappeared, and we do not know where she has gone. Ever since you left home she has been silent and abstracted. Lady Clare did all she could in the way of kindness to win her affection and restore her spirits, but it had not the least effect upon her. Aunt Edith obeyed your directions, and kept the closest watch on every letter that came to the house for her. We think that she must have had an accomplice in her

maid, for she managed to hear from that man : but I am sure she does not care for him. It strikes me that hers is a nature to love once—deeply, perhaps wildly—but never to love again. Latterly she was painfully reserved, even with me. We have made every inquiry about her, but without success. She has arranged her affairs cleverly. Captain Lawrence has not been heard of at his club recently, nor at his usual address. Aunt Edith has written to his mother to inquire where he is, as we cannot help coupling him, in our fears, with Leila's sudden departure."

A week after the receipt of this letter, Sir Thomas and his eldest daughter were again at the Elms. On the very morning of their arrival, in an obscure London church, Miss Raymond had given her hand to Captain Lawrence. He had consented to be baptized by an Anglican minister. Leila had insisted upon this concession from him, as she knew that otherwise her marriage would not be valid before God. She

had got through the short period of necessary legal residence in the parish, by locating herself in humble apartments, where nobody knew her. She was in such a desperate state of mind, that to commit some strong rash act was a relief to her. She felt that self-respect commanded her to conquer her infatuation for one who had chosen a higher vocation, and she resolved to conquer it, if it cost her her reason or her life; but she went to work in the wrong way. She hoped by a violent wrench to subdue a misplaced affection, instead of waiting until the grace of the sacraments and the influence of the great healer Time, should gradually restore her peace of mind. She came to a full consciousness of her sin and her error when it was too late.

After the nuptial ceremony, they set off for a pretty cottage, in the neighbourhood of Malvern, which had been bequeathed to Captain Lawrence by the aunt whose demise he had been so long expecting. He resolved to leave the army, and lead a quiet life. Leila wrote the news to Agnes. It was a great blow to the faithful

heart of that young lady, and still more so to her father. But what was done could not be undone. The bride entreated that Agnes might be allowed to pay her a visit in the summer : but, of course, this was not permitted.

Sir Thomas took up his abode in one of our principal colleges, to complete the ecclesiastical studies which he had long ago commenced.

Charlotte and Agnes missed him dreadfully : but they were delightful companions to each other.

Jane began to form a fashionable circle of her own, which was quite apart from theirs. She had a remarkable faculty of throwing off grief, or any other strong mental impression, after a time. She possessed high spirits, when she was in a good temper ; and these, in connection with her great musical talents, qualified her to shine in society. She devoted a great deal of time to dress and to parties. The heavy disappointment which she had suffered at Lucerne enraged and embittered her for a long while : but at last she sought consolation in the counsels of good Father Cuthbert.



## CHAPTER VIII.

“ Full oft the shadow of the weary earth  
Fell on her, as she sat alone ;  
Yet not the less held she her solemn mirth,  
And intellectual throne.”

**S**UMMER was over, and the variegated tints of autumn began to show beautifully in the fairest of our London suburbs. A year has now passed since Miss Maxwell rejected Sir Julius Clare. That event had made no interruption in the friendship which his mother had always entertained for the young lady, since her childhood.

During the previous winter, when Charlotte was at Rome, the owner of Clarendon Park had seen a good deal of the fair Agnes. At first he

felt drawn to her, for her sister's sake ; but after a while, her own charming qualities asserted their natural influence, and he began to think that life might be very happy with such a wife. On the day of which we are going to speak, the garden at the Elms was still bright with dahlias and geraniums ; and the afternoon sun shone cheerily on the blue dresses of Charlotte and Agnes, who were roaming about, arm in arm, lovelier themselves than all the flowers.

"I have a piece of news for you, dearest," began Agnes.

"Sir Julius has proposed—*n'est-ce pas ?*" inquired Charlotte—"I am so glad," she added.

"Are you quite sure, my own darling ?" asked Agnes, looking at her sister, with a mixture of admiration and wistfulness.

"Quite sure"—replied Charlotte, turning those hazel eyes of hers, which had never been crossed by a shadow of untruthfulness,—full in their soft lustre on her sister's face : "there are few things," she added, "which could have given me greater pleasure. I congratulate

you, with all my heart. You have said yes, I trust"—and she pressed a fervent kiss on Agnes' glowing cheek.

"I have told him that he must wait till to-morrow for an answer; and he seemed to have no objection. We are all to dine at Lady Clare's to-morrow. Listen—Charlotte, I would not accept him, if I thought it would cost you the smallest pain."

"I believe it, my own beloved," said Charlotte; "but, independently of the delight of seeing you happy, I shall now have the satisfaction of feeling that I am innocent of having in any way spoiled the life of an excellent man, whom I esteem as a brother."

"And is it possible that you do not envy me?" said Agnes playfully, as they sat down on one of the garden benches, and each began to twine a wreath for her sister's hair.

"No indeed; I do not," said Charlotte heartily. "I do not wish to build a nest in this world. I like to be free to look forward to the Eternal years!"



"You are too good for this world—I almost expect to see you take wings and fly away. Do you know—I heard from Leila, this morning. She writes in the worst possible spirits, and says that she is ill, and dying to see either you or me."

"I will write and ask papa's permission to stay with her," said Charlotte; "let that be my care—so nothing need trouble your present joy."

"O that is kind of you," said Agnes; "Leila is still very dear to me, though she disappointed us all so grievously."

The next day was one of unmingled happiness to all parties. Lady Clare received her future daughter-in-law with affection and pride. Mrs. Blunt and Jane were gratified: we will not attempt to describe the feelings of the persons who were the most deeply concerned.

Sir Thomas granted Charlotte's request, that she might be permitted to visit Mrs. Lawrence. The latter was in a most trying state. A low nervous fever hung about her, but the malady was chiefly mental. She knew that she had by her undutiful conduct inflicted a

heavy blow upon the only man whom it was possible for her to love in the full sense of the term. She had done it partly in a spirit of pique and revenge; but the pain recoiled on herself, and repentance came too late. It came in a long fit of frenzied self-reproach, as soon as the fatal words were spoken which bound her to Captain Lawrence.

At first her husband was devoted to her, but when months passed away, and he found that she had no love to give him, that her heart contained nothing but the ashes of an extinguished volcano, he felt as any husband would feel, keenly disappointed. He had flattered himself that she would get over the girlish enthusiasm which he knew that she had felt for her guardian. The charms which had excited his admiration for her were gradually fading away. Her principal beauty had consisted in a subtle and ever varying change of expression. All this had now given place to a persistent gloom. Her temper, too, had lost its alternations of touching pathos and exuberant gaiety, and had become more and more irritable.

Charlotte was discouraged by none of these things. She devoted herself to the amusement of the invalid, and nursed her, when she required it, with the tenderest care. Clarendon Park was not more than a mile and a half from Laurel Cottage, and Father Austin—though he had a large village congregation to look after—found time to make an occasional visit to Miss Maxwell. He insisted that she should take a walk every day, for he saw that she was injuring her health by too close application to her charitable duties. Leila bitterly complained that she had no carriage. The fact was, her mother was so angry at her indiscreet and surreptitious marriage, that she withdrew a considerable portion of the very handsome allowance which her daughter had hitherto enjoyed. And the Captain's deceased aunt—though she had bequeathed Laurel Cottage to him—had left him nothing more. Mrs. Lawrence, whose tastes and habits were luxurious, was sorely pained and mortified by these disappointments.

It was impossible for a thoughtful man like

her husband to be thrown for weeks into the society of such a woman as Miss Maxwell without being powerfully impressed. The charm of her gracefulness, the beauty of her mind, and the kindness of her disposition, found their way to his very soul, and excited in him that species of admiration, mingled with awe, which he might have conceived for an angel. There were certain fine elements in his nature which had never yet been brought to the light. Charlotte did him more good than fifty preachers could have done. She never obtruded her piety; but he saw that it was the spring of all her actions. He studied her profoundly; he watched her untiring patience in attending on her friend. He saw by the occasional quiver of the lip, and the changing colour, that it often cost her a hard struggle to keep down an impatient word. Sometimes she scolded Leila for her good, and pleased the Captain by the spirit which she displayed. Occasionally he tried to draw her out in arguments on religion; but her director advised her to keep clear of discussion.

So whenever he attempted this, she used to say playfully—

“Now, Captain Lawrence, I must refer you to a better theologian than I am. Father Austin will, I am sure, be happy to lend you books, and to answer your difficulties.”

“You ladies are priest-ridden,” he would say; “but I can’t help having a respect for Father Austin, if one may judge of the tutor by his pupil.”

And so it happened that Charlotte was a golden link between these two men. For her sake the Positivist put himself in connection with the Priest, who was clever enough to answer all his questions. But it was the power of Father Austin’s holiness, more than the strength of his intellect, which subdued the unbeliever. It was his life of practical and heroic self-sacrifice which convinced Captain Lawrence of the divinity of the religion which he taught. Still, it seemed that there was one crowning grace wanting to complete the work.

Mrs. Lawrence's health was better, and it was time for Charlotte to return to Kensington. It was a fine afternoon in August, and she walked over to the park to say farewell to her old friend Father Austin. She found him in the garden, which adjoined the small Presbytery where he lived. He conducted her into the parlour, and kindly expressed his regret that she could not prolong her stay until Lady Clare's return to the country.

"You see, Father," she said, "Agnes wants me to be with her before the wedding."

"That is natural," said Father Austin; "well, I trust that she will be happy—indeed, I feel sure that she will."

"Have you any hope of Captain Lawrence's conversion?" asked Miss Maxwell.

"The greatest hope," he replied.

"Oh, I am so glad," she exclaimed; "he owes everything to you."

"Far from it, my child; you have had more to do with his conversion, if it comes to pass, than I have. Let this encourage you for the

future. The influence which a Catholic lady may bring to bear on society can hardly be over-estimated. Many, alas! throw away this precious talent, or render it negative by their worldly and inconsistent lives."

"But I have not given up the world, you know, Father."

"Nor do I wish that you should. The world is particularly in want of ladies who can both make themselves agreeable by their attractive qualities, and at the same time exercise a sanctifying influence over others. I consider that you have a great and important work to do for God in society, besides that to which you have devoted yourself among His poor. I intend to introduce you to a friend of mine, a Jesuit Father, and a very enlightened man, who will be of use to you in London, and to whom I advise you to give your entire confidence."

"But, Father," said Charlotte somewhat timidly, "I hope that you will continue to favour me with your direction."

"Yes, my child, as long as I can; but I may

be taken away, and I should like to think that I had left you in good hands."

Miss Maxwell caught his meaning; tears started to her eyes; she looked at him for a moment, and could not fail to remark the hectic colour of the cheek, and the unnatural brilliancy of the eye. She controlled her emotion, and said—

"Oh, Father, I am so sorry!"

"Don't be sorry for me, if our Lord calls me to my home."

"I am sorry for myself," she said.

"It will be no loss to you ultimately. The time has come when you require a better director than I have been. And Father Aloysius will do you more good than I could. Keep the gaze of the soul constantly fixed on God: human things may obscure that vision, but let the will—which is the superior part of the soul—go ever straight to God until the end."

'Charlotte's heart was too full for words; she knelt for his blessing, and hastened away.

\* \* \* \* \*



Two years have passed away, and Father Austin has gone to his eternal rest. In a paper which was discovered after his death, it appeared that he had made an offering of his life to God, to procure the conversion of Captain Lawrence. The sacrifice had been accepted, and the man of the world was now a fervent Catholic. Sir Thomas Maxwell has received the royal crown of the Priesthood. Leila had never recovered either her health or her peace of mind. To a character like hers, it was misery to be chained to a man whom she did not love, and agony unspeakable to have lost the friendship of him whom she had made the idol and the object of her life. She had written him two or three despairing letters, entreating his forgiveness for her conduct. He had sent her a message of pardon through Agnes, but he never wrote to her. Her mind became enveloped in the blackest gloom. She had staked her all on one cast, and she had lost. The fire of her soul and the energies of her mind had been misdirected. Her life was a wreck, and

her state of nervous prostration was such that her friends were seriously alarmed.

"I shall be glad to die," she said one day to the young Lady Clare, who had come over from Clarendon Park to see her; "I hope to die in the peace of the Church, and that my spirit will be permitted to visit those who are dear to me. I do not mean that I shall appear to any one, but souls are sometimes allowed to have their Purgatory near certain altars, so I shall wander about, and frequent churches."

Agnes, who was now a happy wife and mother, could only entreat her not to talk so wildly. She could not administer consolation to one who steadily refused all comfort.

"There is one thing you can do for me," Leila recommenced; "I know that your father is on a visit to you. Ask him, implore him, Agnes, to come and see me once before I die."

Lady Clare started at this proposition, but replied in her own gentle sisterly way—

"The excitement might be bad for you, dear; I am afraid it would be."

"No; believe me it would strengthen me for my last hour."

"What would Captain Lawrence say?"

"He is very good, he has consented; he knows that it is the last request that I shall ever make him."

"Well, I will speak to papa," said Lady Clare, and so she did.

The Reverend Sir Thomas Maxwell judged it expedient to grant the petition. He was himself anxious about the state of a soul who had been an object of so much solicitude to him in the past. Agnes arranged everything for the interview; and she left Leila alone on her couch in the drawing-room when she saw her father's approach from the window. She opened the door to admit him, and told him that she should remain within call.

The Priest's countenance wore an expression of pain as he looked on that youthful form and face, so changed, so blighted, in the summer of existence.

"May God bless you," he began. "Leila, I

know that your friends have been sincere with you; they have told you that your life is probably passing away. Have you prepared yourself, by a very sincere confession, for the change which is impending?"

"No, father, not yet; I could not do it. I could not collect my thoughts until I had seen you. But I would never have asked you to come," she added, with rising colour, "if I had not been almost on my death-bed."

"I know it," he replied; "and now, child, if ever any wish of mine was sacred to you, I entreat you, give all your thoughts to the eternity which is approaching. Think what you have to answer for. When I remember what a fair bud of promise you were a few short years ago, I tremble to think how you have wasted the talents and the advantages which our good God gave you. You have neglected the duties which a wife owes to her husband, and you might have had his soul to answer for."

"Indeed it is true," said Leila, beginning to cry. Her guardian had assumed a tone which

was somewhat severe, because he saw that it was necessary to alarm her conscience.

"But," she continued, "my husband has forgiven me all my sins against him, and I hope that Almighty God will not be less merciful."

"I hope so too, but you must approach Him with sincere contrition."

"I will do anything you tell me—I will cry my eyes out," she exclaimed, too vehemently; for a fit of coughing came on, which exhausted her so much that Sir Thomas thought it necessary to summon his daughter, who did everything for her that the kindest care could devise. The next day Sir Thomas offered up the Holy Sacrifice in the chapel at Clarendon Park, on behalf of the wayward child who had once been so dear to him.

And his prayer was heard. It seemed as if strength, both mental and physical, was vouchsafed to Leila from that hour. Her recovery was slow but steady. Captain Lawrence had loved her in the past with a deep unrequited affection, until her long-continued coldness had

diminished his devotion. Still, he could not bear the thought of losing her, and his kindness during her illness excited her gratitude. The strong counsels of her guardian sank deep into her heart, and brought forth fruit abundantly. She rose from her couch of sickness an altered person. Her beauty, though it had lost in vividness, had gained in refinement. There was a pensive air still lingering about her, which was inexpressibly touching. “*Il faut souffrir, pour être belle,*” was exemplified in her case. Once more she asked her husband’s pardon for her neglect of duty to him; his only answer was a pressure to his heart, which said more than words could have done.

She set herself to recover diligently all the ground that she had lost. She became regular and fervent in the frequentation of the Sacraments. She laid herself out for the good of the poor in her neighbourhood. By degrees, the playful grace which had characterized her of old returned, and she became once more an ornament to society.

When Sir Thomas Maxwell visited Worcestershire a twelvemonth afterwards, he found that Leila was the crown and glory of her husband.

"She is a plant of your training, and she does you credit," said Captain Lawrence, warmly, as his reverend guest was departing, after spending a happy day under his roof. "There are two things for which I thank God eminently—my wife, and the precious gift of Faith."

"God be praised!" was the rejoinder of Sir Thomas, as he fervently clasped the hand of the converted Positivist.

Miss Jane Maxwell was indebted for any prospect of salvation which she might have, to the prayers and good counsels of Father Cuthbert. He never lost sight of her; and though she was often immersed in worldliness, he held her to the outward observance of her religion. She had one or two offers of marriage, but they fell to the ground. Her faith was strong, but her practice was weak. She will probably be always a failure, the victim of a lost vocation.

Charlotte's life is so beautiful, so mixed up with the invisible and the divine, that when her last hour comes, though she will be regretted by a large circle of loving hearts in which her image is enshrined, death for her will have no terrors.

The exquisite union of affection and confidence which has always subsisted between herself and her father is likely to go on to the end.

The star of the Reverend Sir Thomas Maxwell is in the ascendant. His talents and virtues have found their natural sphere. His life is full of merits. His eloquence and his genius have been instrumental in drawing many souls to God.

THE END.





18 PATERNOSTER

ROW, LONDON.

R. WASHBOURNE'S

CATALOGUE.



JUNE

1875.

Elevations to the Heart of Jesus. By Rev. Father Doyotte, S. J. Fcap. 8vo. 3s.

Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward. By Miss Bridges. Fcap. 8vo. 2s.

Scraps from my Scrap Book. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Nano Nagle. By Rev. W. Hutch, D.D. 7s. 6d.

Thy Gods, O Israel. A Picture in Verse of the Religious Anomalies of our Time. Cr. 8vo. 2s.

Catherine grown older: a sequel to "Catherine Hamilton." By M. F. S. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.; gilt 3s.

The Eucharist and the Christian Life. By Mgr. de la Boullerie. Translated. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Regina Sæculorum, or, Mary venerated in all Ages. Devotions to the Blessed Virgin from ancient sources. Fcap. 8vo. 3s.

Life of S. John of God, Founder of the Order of Hospitaliers. With a Photograph, 5s.

First Communion Picture. Tastefully printed in gold and colours. Price 1s., or 10s. a dozen, *net*.

"Just what has long been wanted, a really good picture, with Tablet for First Communion and Confirmation."—*Tablet*.

Rome and her Captors. Letters collected and edited by Count Henri d'Ideville, and translated by F. R. Wegg-Prosser. Cr. 8vo. 4s.

\* \* \* *Though this Catalogue does not contain the books of other Publishers, R. W. can supply all of them, no matter by whom they are published.*

The Tradition of the Syriac Church of Antioch, concerning the Primacy and Prerogatives of S. Peter, and of his successors, the Roman Pontiffs. By the Most Rev. C. B. Benni, Syriac Archbishop of Mossul (Nineveh). 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The Supernatural Life. Translated from the French of Mgr. Mermillod, with a Preface by Lady Herbert. Cr. 8vo. 5s.

"Among the Catholic prelates on the Continent, no name stands higher than that of Dr. Mermillod, the exiled Bishop of Geneva, whose eloquence struck so forcibly the English pilgrims at Paray-le-Monial last year. . . The object of these conferences was to stir up the female portion of creation to higher and holier lives, in the hope of so influencing their husbands, their brothers, and other relatives, and so to lend a helping hand to the right side in that struggle which, as Lady Herbert so eloquently and so truly remarks, 'was formerly confined to certain places and certain minds, but is now going on all over the world—the struggle between God and the devil; between faith and unbelief; between those who still revere God's word, and the entire negation of all divine revelation.'"—*Register*.

The Jesuits, and other Essays. By Willis Nevin. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

"If any one wishes to read in brief all that can be said about and in favour of the sons of Ignatius Loyola, by all means let him get this little work, where he will find everything ready 'at his fingers' ends.'"—*Register*. "It displays considerable vigour of thought, and no small literary power. This small book is a work of promise from one who knows both sides of those questions."—*Union Review*.

Catherine Hamilton. By the author of "Tom's Crucifix," &c. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.; gilt, 3s.

"A short, simple, and well-told story, illustrative of the power of grace to correct bad temper in a wayward girl. For Catholic parents who are possessed with such children, we know of no better book than 'Catherine Hamilton.'"—*Register*.

Photographs (10), illustrating the history of the Miraculous Hosts, called the Blessed Sacrament of the Miracle. Price 2s. 6d. the set.

On Contemporary Prophecies. By Mgr. Dupanloup. Translated by Rev. Dr. Redmond. 8vo. 1s.

The Child. By Mgr. Dupanloup. Translated, 3s. 6d.  
Protestantism and Liberty. By Professor Ozanam.  
Translated by W. C. Robinson. 8vo. 1s.

---

*R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.*

Düsseldorf Society for the Distribution of Good, Religious Pictures. R. Washbourn is now Sole Agent for Great Britain and Ireland. Yearly Subscription is 8s. 6d. *Catalogue post free.*

Düsseldorf Gallery. 8vo. half morocco, 31s. 6d. This volume contains 127 Engravings handsomely bound in half morocco, full gilt. Cash 25s.

Düsseldorf Gallery. 4to. half morocco, £5 5s. This superb work contains 331 Pictures. Handsomely bound in half morocco, full gilt.

"We confidently believe that no wealthy Catholic could possibly see the volume which we have examined and admired without ordering 'The Düsseldorf Gallery' for the adornment of his drawing-room table. . . As lovers of art, we rejoice to see what has been done, and we can only desire with all possible heartiness, that such an enterprise as this may meet with the success it deserves."—*Tablet*. "The most beautiful Catholic gift-book [that was ever sent forth from the house of a Catholic publisher]."—*Register*.

Catholicism, Liberalism, and Socialism. Translated from the Spanish of Donoso Cortes, by Rev. W. M'Donald. 6s.

Replies to Gladstone's "Divine Decrees."

Rome, semper eadem. By Denis Patrick Michael O'Mahony. 1s. 6d.

A Few Remarks. 6d.

Dramas, Comedies, Farces.

He would be a Lord. From the French of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." Three Acts. (Boys.) 2s.

St. Louis in Chains. Drama in Five Acts, for boys. 2s.

"Well suited for acting in Catholic schools and colleges."—*Tablet*.

The Expiation. A Drama in Three Acts, for boys. 2s.

"Has its scenes laid in the days of the Crusades."—*Register*.

Shandy Maguire. A Farce for boys in Two Acts. 1s.

The Reverse of the Medal. A Drama in Four Acts, for young ladies. 6d.

Ernscliff Hall: or, Two Days Spent with a Great-Aunt.

A Drama in Three Acts, for young ladies. 6d.

Filiola. A Drama in Four Acts, for young ladies. 6d.

The Convent Martyr, or Callista. By Dr. Newman. Dramatized by Dr. Husenbeth. 1s.

---

R. Washbourn, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

Garden of the Soul. (WASHBOURNE'S EDITION.) *With Imprimatur of the Archbishop of Westminster.* This edition has over all others the following advantages :—1. Complete order in its arrangements. 2. Introduction of Devotions to Saint Joseph, Patron of the Church. 3. Introduction into the English Devotions for Mass to a very great extent of the Prayers from the Missal. 4. The Full Form of Administration of all the Sacraments publicly administered in Church. 5. The insertion of Indulgences above Indulged Prayers. 6. Its large size of type. Embossed, 1s. ; with rims, 1s. 6d. ; with Epistles and Gospels, 1s. 6d. ; with rims, 2s. French morocco, 2s. ; with rims, 2s. 6d. ; with E. and G., 2s. 6d. ; with rims, 3s. French morocco extra gilt, 2s. 6d. ; with rims, 3s. ; with E. and G., 3s. ; with rims, 3s. 6d. Calf or morocco, 4s. ; with rims, 5s. 6d. ; with E. and G., 4s. 6d. ; with rims, 6s. Calf or morocco extra, 5s. ; with rims, 6s. 6d. ; with E. and G., 5s. 6d. ; with rims, 7s. Velvet, with rims, 8s., 10s. 6d., and 13s. ; with E. and G., 8s. 6d., 11s., and 13s. 6d. Russia, antique, with clasps, 12s. 6d. ; with E. and G., 13s. Ivory, 15s., 21s., 25s., and 30s. ; with E. and G., 15s. 6d., 21s. 6d., 25s. 6d., and 30s. 6d. Antique bindings, with corners and clasps: morocco, 28s., with E. and G., 28s. 6d. ; russia, 30s., with E. and G., 30s. 6d.

"This is one of the best editions we have seen of one of the best of all our Prayer-books. It is well printed in clear large type, on good paper."—*Catholic Opinion.* "A very complete arrangement of this which is emphatically the Prayer-book of every Catholic household. It is as cheap as it is good, and we heartily recommend it."—*Universe.* "Two striking features are the admirable order displayed throughout the book and the insertion of the Indulgences, in small type above Indulged Prayers."—*Weekly Register.*

The Epistles and Gospels in cloth, 6d., roan, 1s. 6d.

---

*R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.*

**The Little Garden.** Cloth, 6d., with rims, 1s.; embossed, 9d., with rims, 1s. 3d.; roan, 1s., with rims, 1s. 6d.; french morocco, 1s. 6d., with rims, 2s.; french morocco, extra gilt, 2s., with rims, 2s. 6d.; imitation ivory, with rims, 3s.; calf or morocco, 3s., with rims, 4s.; calf or morocco, extra gilt, 4s., with rims, 5s.; velvet, with rims, 5s., 8s. 6d., 1cs. 6d.; russia, with clasp, 8s.; ivory, with rims, 10s. 6d., 13s., 15s., 17s. 6d.; antique binding, with clasps: morocco, 17s. 6d., russia, 20s.; with oxydized silver or gilt mountings, in morocco case, 30s.

**A Few Words from Lady Mildred's Housekeeper.** 2d.

"If any of our lady readers wish to give to their servants some hint; as to the necessity of laying up some part of their wages instead of spending their money in dressing above their station, let them get 'A Few Words from Lady Mildred's Housekeeper,' and present it for the use of the servants' hall or downstairs departments. The good advice of an experienced upper servant on such subjects ought not to fall on unwilling ears."—*Register*.

### Religious Reading.

**"Vitis Mystica;"** or, the True Vine. A Treatise on the Passion of Our Lord. Translated, with Preface, by the Rev. W. R. Bernard Brownlow. With Frontispiece. 18mo. 4s., red edges, 4s. 6d.

"It is a pity that such a beautiful treatise should for so many centuries have remained untranslated into our tongue."—*Tablet*. "It will be found very acceptable spiritual food."—*Church Herald*. "We heartily recommend it for its unction and deep sense of the beauties of nature."—*The Month*. "Full of deep spiritual lore."—*Register*. "Every chapter of this little volume affords abundant matter for meditation."—*Universe*. "An excellent translation of beautiful treatise."—*Dublin Review*.

**Ebba;** or, the Supernatural Power of the Blessed Sacrament. In French. 12mo. 1s. 6d.; cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.

"The author has caught very well many of the difficulties which bar the way to the Church in this country... We may venture to hope that the work will also bear fruit on the Continent."—*The Month*. "There are thoughts in the work which we value highly."—*Dublin Review*. "It is a clever and trenchant work. . . . Written in a lively and piquant style."—*Register*. "The tone of the book is kind and fervent."—*Church Herald*. "The book is exceedingly well written, and will do good to all who read it."—*Universe*.

---

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

Holy Places ; their Sanctity and Authenticity. By the Rev. Fr. Philpin. With Maps. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"It displays an amount of patient research not often to be met with."—*Universe*. "Dean Stanley and other sinners in controversy are treated with great gentleness. They are indeed thoroughly exposed and refuted."—*Register*. "Fr. Philpin has a particularly nervous and fresh style of handling his subject, with an occasional picturesqueness of epithet or simile."—*Tablet*. "We do not question his learning and industry, and yet we cannot think them to have been uselessly expended on this work."—*Spectator*. "... Fr. Philpin there weighs the comparative value of extraordinary, ordinary, and natural evidence, and gives an admirable summary of the witness of the early centuries regarding the holy places of Jerusalem, with archæological and architectural proofs. It is a complete treatise of the subject."—*The Month*. "The author treats his subject with a thorough system, and a competent knowledge. It is a book of singular attractiveness and considerable merit."—*Church Herald*. "Fr. Philpin's very interesting book appears most opportunely, and at a time when pilgrimages have been revived."—*Dublin Review*.

The Consoler ; or, Pious Readings addressed to the Sick and to all who are afflicted. By the Rev. P. J. Lambilotte, S.J. Translated by the Right Rev. Abbot Burder, O. Cist. Fcp. 8vo. 4s. 6d., red edges, 5s.

¶ "As 'The Consoler' has the merit of being written in plain and simple language, and while deeply spiritual contains no higher flights into the regions of mysticism where poor and ignorant readers would be unable to follow, it is very specially adapted for one of the subjects which its writer had in view, namely, its introduction into hospitals."—*Tablet*. "A work replete with wise comfort for every affliction."—*Universe*. "A spiritual treatise of great beauty and value."—*Church Herald*.

The Souls in Purgatory. Translated from the French, by the Right Rev. Abbot Burder, O. Cist. 32mo. 3d.

¶ "It will be found most useful as an aid to the cultivation of this especial devotion."—*Register*.

Flowers of Christian Wisdom. By Lucien Henry. With a Preface by the Right Hon. Lady Herbert of Lea. 18mo. 2s. ; red edges, 2s. 6d.

¶ "A compilation of some of the most beautiful thoughts and passages in the works of the Fathers, the great schoolmen, and eminent modern Churchmen, and will probably secure a good circulation."—*Church Times*. "It is a compilation of gems of thought, carefully selected."—*Tablet*. "It is a small but exquisite bouquet, like that which S. Francis of Sales has prepared for *Philothæa*."—*Universe*.

---

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

- Apostleship of Prayer. By Rev. H. Ramière. 6s.  
 The Happiness of Heaven. By a Father of the Society of Jesus. Fcap. 8vo. 4s.  
 God our Father. By the same Author. Fcap. 8vo. 4s.  
 The Light of the Holy Spirit in the World. By the Rev. Canon Hedley, O.S.B. 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.  
 A General History of the Catholic Church : from the commencement of the Christian Era until the present time. By the Abbé Darras. 4 vols., large 8vo. cloth, 48s.  
 The Book of Perpetual Adoration ; or, the Love of Jesus in the most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. By Mgr. Boudon. Edited by the Rev. J. Redman, D.D. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. ; red edges, 3s. 6d.

"This new translation is one of Boudon's most beautiful works, . . . and merits that welcome in no ordinary degree."—*Tablet*. "The devotions at the end will be very acceptable aids in visiting the Blessed Sacrament, and there are two excellent methods for assisting at Mass."—*The Month*. "It has been pronounced by a learned and pious French priest to be 'the most beautiful of all books written in honour of the Blessed Sacrament.'"—*The Nation*.

- Spiritual Works of Louis of Blois, Abbot of Liesse. Edited by the Rev. John Edward Bowden, of the Oratory. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d ; red edges, 4s.

"No more important or welcome addition could have been made to our English ascetical literature than this little book. It is a model of good translation."—*Dublin Review*. "This handy little volume will certainly become a favourite."—*Tablet*. "Elegant and flowing."—*Register*. "Most useful of meditations."—*Catholic Opinion*.

- Heaven Opened by the Practice of Frequent Confession and Communion. By the Abbé Favre. Translated from the French, carefully revised by a Father of the Society of Jesus. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. ; red edges, 4s. Cheap edit. 2s.

"This beautiful little book of devotion. We may recommend it to the clergy as well as to the laity."—*Tablet*. "It is filled with quotations from the Holy Scriptures, the Fathers, and the Councils of the Church, and thus will be found of material assistance to the clergy, as a storehouse of doctrinal and ascetical authorities on the two great sacraments of Holy Eucharist and Penance."—*Register*.

---

R. Washbourn, 18 Paternoster Row, London.



The Spiritual Life. — Conferences delivered to the *Enfants de Marie* by Père Ravignan. Cr. 8vo. 5s.

"Père Ravignan's words are as applicable to the ladies of London as to those of Paris. They could not have a better book for their spiritual reading."—*Tablet*. "A depth of eloquence and power of exhortation which few living preachers can rival."—*Church Review*.

Lenten Thoughts. Drawn from the Gospel for each day in Lent. By the Bishop of Northampton. 1s. 6d. ; stronger bound, 2s. ; red edges, 2s. 6d.

"A beautiful little volume of Meditations."—*Universe*. "Will be found a useful manual."—*Tablet*. "An admirable little book."—*Nation*. "Clear and practical."—*The Month*. "A very beautiful and simple little book."—*Church Herald*.

Holy Communion : it is my Life. By H. Lebon. 4s.  
Contemplations on the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar, drawn from the Sacred Scriptures. 18mo. cloth, 2s. ; cloth extra, red edges, 2s. 6d.

"This is a welcome addition to our books of Scriptural devotion. It contains thirty-four excellent subjects of reflection before the Blessed Sacrament, or for making a spiritual visit to the Blessed Sacrament at home ; for the use of the sick."—*Dublin Review*.

Good Thoughts for Priests and People ; or Short Meditations for Every Day in the Year. By Rev. T. Noethen. 12mo. 8s.

One Hundred Pious Reflections. Extracted from Alban Butler's "Lives of the Saints." 18mo. cloth, red edges, 2s. ; cheap edition, 1s.

"A happy idea. The author of 'The Lives of the Saints' had a way of breathing into his language the unction and force which carries the truth of the Gospel into the heart."—*Letter to the Editor from THE RIGHT REV. DR. ULLATHORNE, BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM*. "Well selected, sufficiently short, and printed in good bold type."—*Tablet*. "Good, sound, practical."—*Church Herald*.

The Imitation of Christ. With reflections. 32mo. 1s. Persian calf, 3s. 6d. Also an Edition with ornamental borders. Fcap. cloth, red edges, 3s. 6d.

Following of Christ. Small pocket edition, 1s. cloth ; 1s. 6d. embossed ; roan, 2s ; French morocco, 2s. 6d. ; calf or morocco, 4s. 6d. ; calf or morocco extra gilt, 5s. 6d. ; ivory, 15s. and 16s. ; morocco, antique, 17s. 6d. ; russia antique, 20s.

---

R. Washbourn, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

Conversion of the Teutonic Race. By Mrs. Hope, author of "Early Martyrs." Edited by the Rev. Father Dalgairns. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 12s.

I. Conversion of the Franks and the English, 6s.

II. S. Boniface and the Conversion of Germany, 6s.

"It is good in itself, possessing considerable literary merit; it forms one of the few Catholic books brought out in this country which are not translations or adaptations."—*Dublin Review*. "It is a great thing to find a writer of a book of this class so clearly grasping, and so boldly setting forth truths, which, familiar as they are to scholars, are still utterly unknown by most of the writers of our smaller literature."—*Saturday Review*. "A very valuable work . . . Mrs. Hope has compiled an original history, which gives constant evidence of great erudition, and sound historical judgment."—*Month*. "This is a most taking book: it is solid history and romance in one."—*Catholic Opinion*. "It is carefully, and in many parts beautifully written."—*Universe*.

Cistercian Order: its Mission and Spirit. Comprising the Life of S. Robert of Newminster, and the Life of S. Robert of Knaresborough. By the author of "Cistercian Legends." Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Cistercian Legends of the 13th Century. Translated from the Latin by the Rev. Henry Collins. 3s.

"Interesting records of Cistercian sanctity and cloistral experience."—*Dublin Review*. "A casquet of jewels."—*Weekly Register*. "Most beautiful legends, full of deep spiritual reading."—*Tablet*. "Well translated, and beautifully got up."—*Month*. "A compilation of anecdotes, full of heavenly wisdom."—*Catholic Opinion*.

The Directorium Asceticum; or Guide to the Spiritual Life. By Scaramelli. Translated and edited at St. Beuno's College. 4 vols. crown 8vo. 24s.

Maxims of the Kingdom of Heaven. New and enlarged Edition. 5s.; red edges, 5s. 6d.; calf or morocco, 10s. 6d.

"The selections on every subject are numerous, and the order and arrangement of the chapters will greatly facilitate meditation and reference."—*Freeman's Journal*. "We are glad to see that this admirable devotional work, of which we have before spoken in warm praise, has reached a second issue."—*Weekly Register*. "It has an Introduction by J. H. N., and bears the Imprimatur of the Archbishop of Westminster. We need say no more in its praise."—*Tablet*. "A most beautiful little book."—*Catholic Opinion*. "This priceless volume."—*Universe*. "Most suitable for meditation and reference."—*Dublin Review*.

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

The Oxford Undergraduate of Twenty Years Ago: his Religion, his Studies, his Antics. By a Bachelor of Arts. [Author of "The Comedy of Convocation."] 2s. 6d. ; cloth, 3s. 6d.

"The writing is full of brilliancy and point."—*Tablet*. "Time has not dimmed the author's recollection, and has no doubt served to sharpen his sense of undergraduate humour and his reading of undergraduate character."—*Examiner*. "It will deservedly attract attention, not only by the briskness and liveliness of its style, but also by the accuracy of the picture which it probably gives of an individual experience."—*The Month*. "Whoever takes this book in hand will read it through and through with the keenest pleasure and with great benefit."—*Universe*.

The Infallibility of the Pope. A Lecture. By the same Author. 8vo. 1s.

"A splendid lecture, by one who thoroughly understands his subject, and in addition is possessed of a rare power of language in which to put before others what he himself knows so well."—*Universe*. "There are few writers so well able to make things plain and intelligible as the author of 'The Comedy of Convocation.' . . . The lecture is a model of argument and style."—*Register*.

Comedy of Convocation in the English Church.

Edited by Archdeacon Chasuble, D.D. 2s. 6d.

Reply to the Bishop of Ripon's Attack on the Catholic Church. By the same Author. 6d.

The Harmony of Anglicanism. Report of a Conference on Church Defence. [By T. W. M. Marshall, Esq.] 8vo. 2s. 6d.

"'Church Defence' is characterized by the same caustic irony, the same good-natured satire, the same logical acuteness which distinguished its predecessor, the 'Comedy of Convocation.' . . . A more scathing bit of irony we have seldom met with."—*Tablet*. "Clever, humorous, witty, learned, written by a keen but sarcastic observer of the Establishment, it is calculated to make defenders wince as much as it is to make all others smile."—*Nonconformist*.

The Roman Question. By Dr. Husenbeth. 1s.

Consoling Thoughts of St. Francis de Sales. By Père Huguet. 18mo., 2s.

Holy Readings. Short Selections from well-known Authors. By J. R. Digby Beste, Esq. 32mo. cloth, 2s. ; cloth, red edges, 2s. 6d. ; roan, 3s. morocco, 6s. [See "Catholic Hours," p. 23.]

---

*R. Washbourn, 18 Paternoster Row, London.*

St. Peter; his Name and his Office as set forth in Holy Scripture. By T. W. Allies. *Second Edition*. Revised. Crown 8vo. 5s.

"A standard work. There is no single book in English, on the Catholic side, which contains the Scriptural argument about St. Peter and the Papacy so clearly or conclusively put."—*Month*. "An admirable volume."—*The Universe*. "This valuable work."—*Weekly Register*. "A second edition, with a new and very touching preface."—*Dublin Review*.

The Life of Pleasure. Translated from the French of Mgr. Dechamps. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Sure Way to Heaven: a little Manual for Confession and Holy Communion. 32mo. cloth, 6d. Persian 2s. 6d. Calf or morocco, 3s. 6d.

Compendium of the History of the Catholic Church. By Rev. T. Noethen. 12mo. 8s.

History of the Catholic Church, for schools. By Rev. T. Noethen. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

Anti-Janus. Translated from the German of Dr. Hergenröther, by Professor Robertson. 4s.

Benedictine Almanack. Yearly. Price 1d.

Catholic Calendar and Guide to the Services of the Church. Yearly. Price 4d. and 6d.

Catholic Directory for Scotland. Yearly. 1s.

Dr. Pusey's Eirenicon considered in Relation to Catholic Unity. By H. N. Oxenham. 2s. 6d.

Sancti Alphonsi Doctoris Officium Parvum—Novena and Little Office in honour of St. Alphonsus. Fcap. 8vo. 1s.; cloth, 2s.; cloth extra, 3s.

Familiar Instructions on Christian Truths. By a Priest. No. 1, Detraction. 4d. No. 2, The Dignity of the Priesthood. 3d. No. 3, Necessity of hearing the Word of God. Why it produces no fruit, and how to be heard. On the necessity of Faith. 3d.

Sweetness of Holy Living; or Honey culled from the Flower Garden of S. Francis of Sales. 1s. French morocco, 3s.

"In it will be found some excellent aids to devotion and meditation."—*Weekly Register*.

---

*R. Washbourn, 18 Paternoster Row, London.*

Commonitory of S. Vincent of Lerins. 12mo. 1s. 3d.  
Men and Women of the English Reformation, from  
the days of Wolsey to the death of Cranmer. By  
S. H. Burke, M.A. 2 vols. 13s. Vol. ii., 6s. 6d.

"It contains a great amount of curious and useful information, gathered together with evident care."—*Dublin Review*. "Interesting and valuable."—*Tablet*. "It is, in truth, the only dispassionate record of a much contested epoch we have ever read."—*Cosmopolitan*. "It is so forcibly, but truthfully written, that it should be in the hands of every seeker after truth."—*Catholic Opinion*.—"On all hands admitted to be one of the most valuable historical works ever published."—*Nation*. "The author produces evidence that cannot be gainsayed."—*Universe*. "Full of interest, and very temperately written."—*Church Review*. "Able, fairly impartial, and likely to be of considerable value to the student of history. Replete with information."—*Church Times*. "The book supplies many hitherto unknown facts of the times of which it is a history."—*Church Opinion*. "A clever and well-written historical statement of facts concerning the chief actors of our so-called Reformation."—*The Month*.

Père Lacordaire's Conferences. God, 6s. Jesus Christ, 6s. God and Man, 6s.

A Devout Paraphrase on the Seven Penitential Psalms ; or, a Practical Guide to Repentance. By the Rev. Fr. Blyth. To which is added :—Necessity of Purifying the Soul, by St. Francis of Sales. 18mo., 1s. 6d. ; red edges, 2s. ; cheap edition, 1s.

"A new edition of a book well known to our grandfathers. The work is full of devotion and of the spirit of prayer."—*Universe*. "A very excellent work, and ought to be in the hands of every Catholic."—*Waterford News*.

A New Miracle at Rome ; through the Intercession of Blessed John Berchmans. 2d.

Cure of Blindness ; through the Intercession of Our Lady and St. Ignatius. 2d.

BY THE POOR CLARES OF KENMARE.

Woman's Work in Modern Society. 7s. 6d.

A Nun's Advice to her Girls. 2s. 6d.

Daily Steps to Heaven. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Book of the Blessed Ones. 4s. 6d.

Jesus and Jerusalem ; or, the Way Home. 4s. 6d.

The Spouse of Christ. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The Ecclesiastical Year. Fcap. 4s. 6d. ; calf, 6s. 6d.

---

*R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.*

- Sermons, Lectures, &c. By Rev. M. B. Buckley. 6s.  
A Homely Discourse ; Mary Magdalen. Cr. 8vo. 6d.  
Extemporaneous Speaking. By Rev. T. J. Potter. 5s.  
Pastor and People. By Rev. T. J. Potter. 6s.  
Eight Short Sermon Essays. By Dr. Redmond. 1s.  
One Hundred Short Sermons. By Rev. H. T. Thomas. 8vo. 12s.  
Catholic Sermons. By Father Burke, and others. 2s.  
Non Possumus ; or, the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes. By the Rev. Father Lockhart. 1s.  
Secession or Schism. By Fr. Lockhart. 6d.  
Who is the Anti-Christ of Prophecy? By the Rev. Fr. Lockhart. 1s.  
The Communion of Saints. By the Rev. Father Lockhart. 1s. ; cloth, 1s. 6d.  
The Church of England and its Defenders. By the Rev. W. R. Bernard Brownlow. 8vo. 1st Letter, 6d. ; 2nd Letter, 1s.  
Lyrics of Light and Life. XLIII original poems, by Dr. Newman and others. 5s.  
Lectures on the Life, Writings, and Times of Edmund Burke. By Professor Robertson. 5s.  
Professor Robertson's Lectures on Modern History and Biography. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s.  
The Knight of the Faith. By the Rev. Dr. Laing.  
1. A Favourite Fallacy about Private Judgment. 1d.  
2. Catholic not Roman Catholic. 4d.  
3. Rationale of the Mass. 1s.  
4. Challenge to the Churches of England, Scotland, and all Protestant Denominations. 1d.  
5. Absurd Protestant Opinions concerning *Intention*, and Spelling Book of Christian Philosophy. 4d.  
6. Whence the Monarch's right to rule. 2s. 6d.  
7. Protestantism against the Natural Moral Law. 1d.  
8. What is Christianity? 6d.  
Abridged Explanation of the Medal or Cross of S. Benedict. 1d.
-

- Diary of a Confessor of the Faith. 12mo. 1s.  
 Sursum, 1s. Homeward, 2s. Both by Rev. Fr. Rawes.  
 Sermon at the Month's Mind of the Most Rev. Dr.  
 Spalding, Archbishop of Baltimore. 1s.  
 Commentary on the Psalms. By Bellarmin. 4to. 4s.  
 Monastic Legends. By E. G. K. Browne. 8vo. 6d.  
 BY DR. MANNING, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.  
 The Convocation in Crown and Council. 6d. net.  
 Confidence in God. Fcap. 1s. ; cloth, 1s. 6d.  
 Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes. 1s. ; cloth, 1s. 6d.  
 The Church, the Spirit, and the Word. 6d.  
 BY THE PASSIONIST FATHERS.  
 The School of Jesus Crucified. 3s. 6d. ; morocco, 5s.  
 The Manual of the Cross and Passion. 32mo. 2s. 6d.  
 The Manual of the Seven Dolours. 32mo. 1s. 6d.  
 The Christian Armed. 32mo. 1s. 6d. ; mor. 3s. 6d.  
 Guide to Sacred Eloquence. 2s.

### Religious Instruction.

- The Catechism, Illustrated with Passages from the  
 Holy Scriptures. Arranged by the Rev. J. B.  
 Bagshawe, with Imprimatur. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

"I believe the Catechism to be one of the best possible books of controversy, to those, at least, who are inquiring with a real desire to find the truth."—*Extract from the Preface.*

"An excellent idea. The very thing of all others that is needed by many under instruction."—*Tablet.* "It is a book which will do incalculable good. Our priests will hail with pleasure so valuable a help to their weekly instructions in the Catechism, while in schools its value will be equally recognized."—*Weekly Register.* "A work of great merit."—*Church Herald.* "We can hardly wish for anything better, either in intention or in performance."—*The Month.* "Very valuable."—*Dublin Review.*

- A Dogmatic Catechism. By Frassinetti. Translated  
 from the original Italian by the Oblate Fathers  
 of St. Charles. With a Preface by His Grace  
 the Archbishop of Westminster. Fcap. 8vo. 3s.

"We give a few extracts from Frassinetti's work, as samples of its excellent execution."—*Dublin Review.* "Needs no commendation."—*Month.* "It will be found useful, not only to catechists, but also for the instruction of converts from the middle class of society."—*Tablet.*

*R. Washbourn, 18 Paternoster Row, London,*

**The Threshold of the Catholic Church.** A course of Plain Instructions for those entering her Communion. By Rev. J. B. Bagshawe. Cr. 8vo. 4s.

"A scholarly, well-written book, full of information."—*Church Herald*. "An admirable book, which will be of infinite service to thousands."—*Universe*. "Plain, practical, and unpretentious, it exhausts so entirely the various subjects of instruction necessary for our converts, that few missionary priests will care to dispense with its assistance."—*Register*. "It has very special merits of its own. . . It is the work, not only of a thoughtful writer and good theologian, but of a wise and experienced priest."—*Dublin Review*. "Its characteristic is the singular simplicity and clearness with which everything is explained. . . It will save priests hours and days of time."—*Tablet*. "There is much in it with which we thoroughly agree."—*Church Times*. "There was a great want of a manual of instruction for converts, and the want has now been supplied, and in the most satisfactory manner."—*The Month*.

**The Catechism of Christian Doctrine.** Approved for the use of the Faithful in all the Dioceses of England and Wales. Price 1d. ; cloth, 2d.

**A First Sequel to the Catechism.** By the Rev. J. Nary. 32mo. 1d.

"It will recommend itself to teachers in Catholic schools as one peculiarly adapted to the use of such children as have mastered the Catechism, and yet have nothing else to fall back upon for higher religious instruction. It will be found a great assistance as well to teachers as to pupils who belong to the higher standards in our Catholic poor schools."—*Weekly Register*.

**Catechism made Easy.** A Familiar Explanation of "The Catechism of Christian Doctrine." By Rev. H. Gibson. Vol. I., 4s. Vol. II., 4s.

**The Seven Sacraments explained and defended.** Edited by a Catholic Clergyman. 1s. 6d.

**Burton's Ecclesiastical History.** 1s.

**Protestant Principles Examined by the Written Word.** Originally entitled, "The Protestant's Trial by the Written Word." *New edition.* 18mo. 1s.

"An excellent book."—*Church News*. "A good specimen of the concise controversial writing of English Catholics in the early part of the seventeenth century."—*Catholic Opinion*. "A little book which might be consulted profitably by any Catholic."—*Church Times*. "A clever little manual."—*Westminster Gazette*. "A useful little volume."—*The Month*. "An excellent little book."—*Weekly Register*. "A well-written and well-argued treatise."—*Tablet*.

---

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.



**Descriptive Guide to the Mass.** By the Rev. Dr. Laing. 1s. ; extra cloth, 1s. 6d.

"An attempt to exhibit the structure of the Mass. The logical relation of parts is ingeniously effected by an elaborate employment of differences of type, so that the classification, down to the minutest subdivision, may at once be caught by the eye."—*Tablet*.

**The Necessity of Enquiry as to Religion.** By Henry John Pye, M.A. 4d. ; for distribution, 2os. a hundred ; cloth, 6d.

"Mr. Pye is particularly plain and straightforward."—*Tablet*. "It is calculated to do much good. We recommend it to the clergy, and think it a most useful work to place in the hands of all who are under instruction."—*Westminster Gazette*. "A thoroughly searching little pamphlet."—*Universe*. "A clever little pamphlet. Each point is treated briefly and clearly."—*Catholic Opinion*.

**A General Catechism of the Christian Doctrine.** By the Right Rev. Dr. Poirier. 18mo. 9d.

**The Grounds of Catholic Doctrine.** By Dr. Chaloner. Large type edition. 18mo. cloth, 4d.

**Dr. Butler's First Catechism,**  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. *Second Catechism,* 1d. ; *Third Catechism,*  $1\frac{1}{2}$ d.

**Dr. Doyle's Catechism,**  $1\frac{1}{2}$ d.

**Lessons on the Christian Doctrine,** 1d.

**Fleury's Historical Catechism.** Large edition,  $1\frac{1}{2}$ d.

**Bible History for the use of Catholic Schools and Families.** By the Rev. R. Gilmour. 2s.

**Herder's Prints—Old and New Testament.** 40 large coloured pictures. 12s.

**Origin and Progress of Religious Orders, and Happiness of a Religious State.** By Fr. Jerome Platus, S.J. ; translated by Patrick Mannock. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

"The whole work is evidently calculated to impress any reader with the great advantages attached to a religious life."—*Register*.

**Children of Mary in the World.** 32mo. 1d.

**The Christian Teacher.** By Ven. de la Salle. 1s. 8d.

**Christian Politeness.** By the Ven. de la Salle. 1s.

**Duties of a Christian.** By the Ven. de la Salle. 2s.

**The Monks of Iona and the Duke of Argyll.** By the Rev. J. Stewart M'Corry, D.D. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

---

*R. Washbourn, 18 Paternoster Row, London.*

The Young Catholic's Guide to Confession and Holy Communion. By Dr. Kenny. *Third edition.* Paper, 4d. ; cloth, 6d. ; cloth, red edges, 9d.

"Admirably suited to the purpose for which it is intended."—*Weekly Register*. "One of the best we have seen. The instructions are clear, pointed, and devout, and the prayers simple, well constructed, and sufficiently brief. We recommend it."—*Church News*.

Practical Counsels for Holy Communion. By Mgr. de Ségur. Translated for children, 9d.

Pactical Counsels on Confession. By Mgr. de Ségur. Translated for children. 6d.

Instructions for the Sacrament of Confirmation. 6d.

Auricular Confession. By Rev. Dr. Melia. 1s. 6d.

Explanation of the Epistles and Gospels, &c. By the Rev. Fr. Goffine. Illustrated. 7s.

Rules for a Christian Life. By S. Charles Borromeo. 2d.

Anglican Orders. By the Very Rev. Canon Williams. *Second Edition.* Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

The Rainy Day, and Guild of Our Lady. By the Rev. Fr. Richardson. 2d.

Little by Little ; or, the Penny Bank. By the Rev. Fr. Richardson. 1d.

The Crusade, or Catholic Association for the Suppression of Drunkenness. By the same. 1d.

### Lives of Saints, &c.

Life of the Ven. Anna Maria Taigi. Translated from the French of Calixte, by A. V. Smith Sligo. 8vo. 5s.

"A most valuable book."—*Dublin Review*. "An edifying and delightful book of spiritual reading."—*Church Herald*. "We hope to see it meet with that success which works of the sort have a right to expect."—*Westminster Gazette*. "The translator's labour has been so ably performed that the book is wanting in few of the merits of an original work."—*Tablet*.

Butler's Lives of the Saints. 2 vols., 8vo., cloth, 28s. ; or in cloth gilt, 34s. ; or in 4 vols., 8vo., cloth, 32s. ; or in cloth gilt, 48s. ; or in leather gilt, 64s.

Life, Passion, Death, and Resurrection of Our Blessed Lord. Translated from Ribadeneira. 1s.

---

R. Washbourn, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

**Oratorian Lives of the Saints. Second Series. Post 8vo.**

Vol. I. S. Bernardine of Siena. 5s.

Vol. II.—S. Philip Benizi. 5s.

Vol. III.—S. Veronica Giuliani, and Blessed Battista Varani. 5s.

Vol. IV.—S. John of God. 5s.

“The works translated from will be in most cases the Lives drawn up *for* or *from* the processes of canonization or beatification, as being more full, more authentic, and more replete with anecdote, thus enabling the reader to become better acquainted with the Saint's disposition and spirit; while the simple matter-of-fact style of the narrative is, from its unobtrusive character, more adapted for spiritual reading than the views and generalizations, and prologetic extenuations of more recent biographers. The work is published with the permission and approval of superiors. Every volume containing the Life of a person not yet canonized or beatified by the Church will be prefaced by a protest in conformity with the decree of Urban VIII., and in all Lives which introduce questions of mystical theology great care will be taken to publish nothing which has not had adequate sanction, or without the reader being informed of the nature and amount of the sanction. Each volume is embellished with a Portrait of the Saint.

Life of Sister Mary Cherubina Clare of S. Francis, Translated from the Italian, with Preface by Lady Herbert. Cr. 8vo. with Photograph, 3s. 6d.

Stories of the Saints. By M. F. S., author of “Tom's Crucifix, and other Tales,” “Catherine Hamilton,” &c. Fcap. 8vo. 2 vols., each 3s. 6d., gilt, 4s. 6d.

Life of B. Giovanni Colombini. By Feo Belcari. Translated from the editions of 1541 and 1832. with a Photograph. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Sketch of the Life and Letters of the Countess Adélaïde. By E. A. M., author of “Rosalie, or the Memoirs of a French Child,” “Life of Paul Seigneret, &c.” 2s. 6d.

**DR. NEWMAN'S LIVES OF THE ENGLISH SAINTS.**

Life of St. Augustine of Canterbury. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Life of St. German. 12mo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

Life of Stephen Langton. 12mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

---

*R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.*

Life of St. Boniface, and the Conversion of Germany.

By Mrs. Hope. Edited, with a Preface, by the Rev. Father Dalgairns. Cr. 8vo. 6s.

"Every one knows the story of S. Boniface's martyrdom, but every one has not heard it so stirringly set forth as in her 22nd chapter by Mrs. Hope."—*Dublin Review*.

Louise Lateau: her Life, Stigmata, and Ecstasies. By Dr. Lefebvre. Translated from the French by T. S. Shepard. Fcap. 8vo. 2s.

Venerable Mary Christina of Savoy. 6d.

Memoirs of a Guardian Angel. Fcap. 8vo. 4s.

Life of St. Patrick. 12mo. 1s.

Life of St. Bridget, and of other Saints of Ireland. 1s.

Insula Sanctorum: the Island of Saints. 1s.; cloth, 2s.

Life of Paul Seigneret, Seminarist of Saint-Sulpice. Fcap. 8vo., 1s.; cloth extra, 1s. 6d.; gilt, 2s.

"An affecting and well-told narrative. . . It will be a great favourite, especially with our pure-minded, high-spirited young people."—*Universe*. "Paul Seigneret was remarkable for the simplicity and the heroism of both his natural and his religious character."—*Tablet*. "We commend it to parents with sons under their care, and especially do we recommend it to those who are charged with the education and training of our Catholic youth."—*Register*.

A Daughter of St. Dominic. By Grace Ramsay. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d.; cloth extra, 2s.

"A beautiful little work. The narrative is highly interesting."—*Dublin Review*. "It is full of courage and faith and Catholic heroism."—*Universe*. "One who has lived and died in our own day, who led the common life of every one else, but yet who learned how to supernaturalize this life in so extraordinary a way that we forget 'the doctor's daughter in a provincial town,' while reading Grace Ramsay's beautiful picture of the wonders effected by her ubiquitous charity, and still more by her fervent prayer."—*Tablet*. "The spirit of thorough devotion to Rome manifest in every page of this charming work will render it most attractive to Leaguers of St. Sebastian."—*The Crusader*.

The Glory of St. Vincent de Paul. By the Most Rev. Dr. Manning, Archbishop of Westminster. 1s.

Life of S. Edmund of Canterbury. From the French of the Rev. Father Massé, S. J. By George White. Cloth, 1s. ad

Life of Dr. Grant, first Bishop of Southwark. By Grace Ramsay. 8vo. 16s.

---

R. Washbourn, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

The Life of St. Francis of Assisi. Translated from the Italian of St. Bonaventure by Miss Lockhart. With a Preface by His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 2s. and 3s.; gilt, 4s.

"It is beautifully translated."—*Catholic Opinion*. "A most interesting and instructive volume."—*Tablet*. "This is a first-rate translation by one of the very few persons who have the art of translating as if they were writing an original work."—*Dublin Review*.

Life of Fr. de Ravignan. Crown 8vo. 9s.

The Pilgrimage to Paray le Monial, with a brief notice of the Blessed Margaret Mary. 6d.

Patron Saints. By Eliza Allen Starr. Cr. 8vo. 10s.

His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman; with full account of his Obsequies; Funeral Oration by Archbishop Manning, &c. 1s.; cloth, red edges, 1s. 6d.

Count de Montalembert. By George White. 6d.

Life of Mgr. Weedall. By Dr. Husenbeth. 3s. 6d.

Life of Pope Pius IX. 6d. Cheap edition, 1d.

Challoner's Memoirs of Missionary Priests. 8vo. 6s.

BY THE POOR CLARES OF KENMARE.

Life of Father Matthew. 2s. 6d.

Life and Revelations of St. Gertrude. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Spirit of St. Gertrude. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

Life of St. Aloysius. 6d.; St. Joseph, 6d., cloth, 9d.; St. Patrick, 6d., cloth, 9d.

Life of St. Patrick. Illustrated by Doyle. 4to. 20s.

### Our Lady.

Readings for the Feasts of Our Lady, and especially for the Month of May. By the Rev. A. P. Bethell. 18mo. 1s. 6d.; cheap edition, 1s.

The History of the Blessed Virgin. By the Abbé Orsini. Translated from the French by the Very Rev. F. C. Husenbeth, D.D. With eight Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Manual of Devotions in Honour of Our Lady of Sorrows. Compiled by the Clergy at St. Patrick's Soho. 18mo. 1s.; cloth, red edges, 1s. 6d.

Life of Our Lady in Verse. 2s.

---

*R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.*

Devotion to Our Lady in North America. By the Rev. Xavier Donald Macleod. 8vo. 5s. *cash*.

"The work of an author than whom few more gifted writers have ever appeared among us. It is not merely a religious work, but it has all the charms of an entertaining book of travels. We can hardly find words to express our high admiration of it."—*Weekly Register*.

Life of the Ever-Blessed Virgin. Proposed as a Model to Christian Women. 1s.

Our Blessed Lady of Lourdes: a Faithful Narrative of the Apparitions of the Blessed Virgin Mary at the Rocks of Massabielle, near Lourdes, in the year 1858. By F. C. Husenbeth, D.D., V.G., and Provost of Northampton. 18mo. 6d.; cloth, 1s.; with Novena, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d. Novena, separately, 4d.; Litany, 1d., or 6s. per 100.

The Blessed Virgin's Root traced in the Tribe of Ephraim. By the Rev. Dr. Laing. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Month of Mary for Interior Souls. By M. A. Macdaniel. 18mo. 2s.

Month of Mary, principally for the use of religious communities. 18mo. 1s. 6d.

A Devout Exercise in Honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary. From the Psalter and Prayers of S. Bonaventure. In Latin and English, with Indulgences applicable to the Holy Souls. 32mo. 1s.

The Definition of the Immaculate Conception. 6d.

The Little Office of the Immaculate Conception. In Latin and English. By the Very Rev. Dr. Husenbeth. 32mo. 4d.; cloth, 6d.; roan, 1s.; calf or morocco, 2s. 6d.

Our Lady's Lament, and the Lamentation of St. Mary Magdalene. 2s.

The Virgin Mary. By Dr. Melia. 8vo. 11s. 3d. *cash*.

Archconfraternity of Our Lady of Angels. 1s. per 100.

Litany of Our Lady of Angels. 1s. per 100.

Concise Portrait of the Blessed Virgin. 1s. per 100.

Origin of the Blue Scapular. 1d.

Miraculous Prayer—August Queen of Angels. 1s. 100.

---

*R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.*

**Prayer-Books.**

Washbourne's Edition of the "Garden of the Soul," in medium-sized type (small type as a rule being avoided). For prices see page 4.

The Little Garden. 6d., and upwards. *See page 5.*

The Lily of St. Joseph; a little Manual of Prayers and Hymns for Mass. Price 2d.; cloth, 3d.; or with gilt lettering, 4d.; more strongly bound, 6d.; or with gilt edges, 8d.; roan, 1s.; French morocco, 1s. 6d.; calf, or morocco, 2s.; gilt, 2s. 6d.

"It supplies a want which has long been felt; a prayer-book for children, which is not a childish book, a handy book for boys and girls, and for men and women too, if they wish for a short, easy-to-read, and devotional prayer-book."—*Catholic Opinion*. "A very complete prayer-book. It will be found very useful for children and for travellers."—*Weekly Register*. "A neat little compilation, which will be specially useful to our Catholic School-children. The hymns it contains are some of Fr. Faber's best."—*Universe*.

Life of Our Lord Commemorated in the Mass; a Method of Assisting at the Holy Sacrifice. By the Rev. E. G. Bagshawe, of the Oratory. 32mo. 3d.; cloth, 4d.; roan, 1s.; French morocco, 1s. 6d.; calf or morocco, 2s. 6d.

Path to Paradise. 36 full page Illustrations. Cloth, 3d. With 50 Illustrations, cloth, 4d.

Manual of Catholic Devotion. 6d.; roan, 1s. 6d.; calf or morocco, 2s. 6d.

Ursuline Manual. Persian calf, 7s. 6d.; morocco, 10s.

Crown of Jesus. Persian calf, 6s.; morocco, 7s. 6d. and 8s. 6d., with rims, 10s. 6d.; morocco, extra gilt, 10s. 6d., with rims, 12s. 6d.; ivory, with rims, 21s., 25s., 27s. 6d. and 30s.

Burial of the Dead (Adults and Infants) in Latin and English. Royal 32mo. cloth, 6d.; roan, 1s. 6d.

"Being in a portable form, will be found useful by those who are called upon to assist at that solemn rite."—*Tablet*.

In Suffragiis Sanctorum. Commem S. Josephi. Commem S. Georgii. Set of five for 4d.

---

*R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.*

- Paradise of God ; or Virtues of the Sacred Heart. 4s.  
 Devotions to the Sacred Heart. By the Rev. S. Franco. 4s., paper covers, 2s.  
 Devotions to the Sacred Heart. By the Rev. J. Joy Dean. Fcap. 8vo. 3s.  
 Devotions to Sacred Heart of Jesus. By the Rt. Rev. Dr. Milner. *New Edition*. To which is added Devotions to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. 3d. ; cloth, 6d. ; gilt, 1s.  
 Pleadings of the Sacred Heart. 18mo. 1s.  
 Sacred Heart of Jesus offered to the Piety of the Young engaged in Study. By Rev. A. Deham, S.J. 6d.  
 "Complete little Manual of Devotion to the Sacred Heart, and as such will be valued by Catholics of every age and station."—*Tablet*.  
 Treasury of the Sacred Heart. With Epistles and Gospels. 18mo. cloth, 3s. 6d. ; roan, 4s. 6d.  
 Little Treasury of Sacred Heart. 32mo. 2s., roan 2s. 6d.  
 Manual of Devotion to the Sacred Heart, from the Writings of Bl. Margaret Mary Alacoque. By Denys Casassayas. Translated. 3d.  
 Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart. 1d.  
 Act of Reparation to the Sacred Heart. 1s. per 100.  
 The Little Prayer-Book for Ordinary Catholic Devotions. Cloth, 3d.  
 Garden of the Soul, in large type. Roan, gilt edges, 2s. ; French morocco, 3s., clasp and rims, 4s. 6d. ; French morocco, antique, 3s. 6d. ; calf, 5s. ; morocco, 6s. 6d. ; roan, sprinkled edges, with Epistles and Gospels, 2s. All the other styles with Epistles and Gospels, 6d. extra.  
 Missal (complete). Persian calf, 8s. 6d. ; morocco, 10s. 6d., with rims, 13s. 6d. ; morocco, extra gilt, 12s. 6d., with rims, 15s. 6d. ; morocco, with turn-over edges, 13s. 6d. ; morocco antique, 15s. ; russia antique, 20s. ; ivory, with rims, 31s. 6d.  
 Catholic Hours : a Manual of Prayer, including Mass and Vespers. By J. R. Digby Beste, Esq. 32mo. cloth, 2s ; red edges, 2s. 6d. ; roan, 3s. ; morocco, 6s.



- A Prayer to be said for three days before Holy Communion, and another for three days after. 1d. each, or 6s. 100.
- S. Patrick's Manual. By the Poor Clares. 4s. 6d.
- Manual of Catholic Piety. Edition with green border. French mor., 2s. 6d. ; mor., 4s.
- Occasional Prayers for Festivals. By Rev. T. Barge. 32mo. 4d. and 6d. ; gilt, 1s.
- Illustrated Manual of Prayers. 32mo. 3d. ; cloth, 4d.
- Key of Heaven. Very large type, 1s. Leather 2s. 6d. gilt, 3s.
- Catholic Piety. 32mo. 6d. ; roan, 1s. ; with Epistles and Gospels, roan, 1s. ; French morocco, 1s. 6d., with rims and clasp, 2s. ; imitation ivory, rims and clasp, 2s. 6d. ; velvet rims and clasps, 3s. 6d.
- Key of Heaven. Same size and prices.
- Catholic Piety, or Key of Heaven, with Epistles and Gospels. Large 32mo. roan 2s. ; French morocco, with rims, 3s. ; extra gilt, 3s. ; with rims, 3s. 6d.
- Novena of Meditations in Honour of S. Joseph, according to the method of S. Ignatius ; preceded by a new exercise for hearing Mass according to the intentions of the souls in Purgatory. 18mo. 1s. 6d.
- Novena to St. Joseph. Translated by M. A. Macdaniel. To which is added a Pastoral of the late Right Rev. Dr. Grant. 32mo. 4d. ; cloth, 6d.
- "All seasons are fitting in which to make Novenas to St. Joseph, for which reason this little work will be found very serviceable at any time."—*Weekly Register*.
- A New Year's Gift to our Heavenly Father. 4d.
- Devotions for Mass. Very large type, 2d.
- Memorare Mass. By the Poor Clares of Kenmare, 2d.
- Fourteen Stations of the Holy Way of the Cross. By St. Liguori. Large type edition, 1d.
- A Union of our life with the Passion of our Lord by a daily offering. 1s. per 100.
- Prayer for one's Confessor. 1s. per 100.
- Litany of Resignation. 1s. per 100.

---

*R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.*

- Intentions for Indulgences. 6d. per 100.  
 Devotions to St. Joseph. 1s. per 100.  
 Litany of S. Joseph, &c. 1s. per 100.  
 Devotion to St. Joseph as Patron of the Church. 1d.  
 Catholic Psalmist: or, Manual of Sacred Music,  
 with the Gregorian Chants for High Mass, Holy  
 Week, &c. Compiled by C. B. Lyons, 4s.  
 The Complete Hymn Book, 136 Hymns. Price 1d.  
 Douai Bible. 2s. 6d.; calf or morocco, 6s.; gilt, 7s.  
 Church Hymns. By J. R. Digby Beste, Esq. 6d.  
 Catholic Choir Manual: containing Vespers for all  
 the Sundays and Festivals of the year, Hymns and  
 Litanies, &c. Compiled by C. B. Lyons. 1s.  
 Prayers for the Dying. 1s. per 100.  
 Indulged Prayers for Souls in Purgatory. 1s. per 100.  
 Indulged Prayers for the Rosary of the Holy  
 Souls. 1d. each, 6d. a dozen, 3s. per 100.  
 The Rosary for the Souls in Purgatory, *with Indul-*  
*genced Prayer.* 6d., 8d. and 9d. each. Medals sepa-  
 rately, 1d. each, 9s. gross.

Rome, &c.

- Two Years in the Pontifical Zouaves. By Joseph  
 Powell, Z.P. With 4 Engravings by Sergeant  
 Collingridge, Z.P. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

"It affords us much pleasure, and deserves the notice of the Catho-  
 lic public."—*Tablet*. "Familiar names meet the eye on every page,  
 and as few Catholic circles in either country have not had a friend or  
 relative at one time or another serving in the Pontifical Zouaves, the  
 history of the formation of the corps, of the gallant youths, their  
 sufferings, and their troubles, will be valued as something more than  
 a contribution to modern Roman history."—*Freeman's Journal*.

- The Victories of Rome. By the Rev. Fr. Kenelm  
 Digby Beste. Second edition. 1s.  
 Civilization and the See of Rome. By Lord Robert  
 Montague. 6d.  
 Defence of the Roman Church against Fr. Gratry.  
 By Dom Gueranger. 6d.  
 Personal Recollections of Rome. By W. J. Jacob,  
 Esq., late of the Pontifical Zouaves. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

---

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

The Roman Question. By F. C. Husenbeth, D.D. 1s.  
Henri V. (Comte de Chambord), September 29, 1873.

By W. H. Walsh. With a Portrait. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

The Rule of the Pope-King. By Rev. Fr. Martin. 6d.

The Years of Peter. By an Ex-Papal Zouave. 1d.

The Catechism of the Council. By a D.C.L. 2d.

### Tales, or Books for the Library.

Tom's Crucifix, and other Tales. By M. F. S. 3s.

"Eight simple stories for the use of teachers of Christian doctrine."—*Universe*. "This is a volume of short, plain, and simple stories, written with the view of illustrating the Catholic religion practically by putting Catholic practices in an interesting light before the mental eyes of children....The whole of the tales in the volume before us are exceedingly well written."—*Register*.

Simple Tales. Square 16mo. cloth antique, 2s. 6d.

"Contains five pretty stories of a true Catholic tone, interspersed with some short pieces of poetry. . . Are very affecting, and told in such a way as to engage the attention of any child."—*Register*. "This is a little book which we can recommend with great confidence as a present for young readers. The tales are simple, beautiful, and pathetic."—*Catholic Opinion*. "It belongs to a class of books of which the want is generally much felt by Catholic parents."—*Dublin Review*. "Beautifully written. 'Little Terence' is a gem of a Tale."—*Tablet*.

Terry O'Flinn's Examination of Conscience. By the  
Very Rev. Dr. Tandy. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d. ;  
extra gilt, 2s. ; cheap edition, 1s.

"The writer possesses considerable literary power."—*Register*. "The idea is well sustained throughout, and when the reader comes to the end of the book he finds the mystery solved, and that it was all nothing but a 'drame.'"—*Church Times*.

The Adventures of a Protestant in Search of a Religion: being the Story of a late Student of Divinity at Bunyan Baptist College; a Nonconformist Minister, who seceded to the Catholic Church. By Iota. 5s. ; cheap edition, 3s.

"Will well repay its perusal."—*Universe*. "This precious volume."—*Baptist*. "No one will deny 'Iota' the merit of entire originality."—*Civilian*. "A valuable addition to every Catholic library."—*Tablet*. "There is much cleverness in it."—*Nonconformist*. "Malicious and wicked."—*English Independent*.

A Wasted Life. By Rosa Baughan. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

---

*R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.*

The Village Lily. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. ; gilt, 1s. 6d.

Fairy Tales for Little Children. By Madeleine Howley Meehan. Fcap. 1s. ; cloth extra, 1s. 6d. ; gilt, 2s.

"Full of imagination and dreams, and at the same time with excellent point and practical aim, within the reach of the intelligence of infants."—*Universe*. "Pleasing, simple stories, combining instruction with amusement."—*Register*.

Rosalie; or, the Memoirs of a French Child. Written by herself. Fcap. 8vo., 1s. and 1s. 6d. ; extra gilt, 2s.

"It is prettily told, and in a natural manner. The account of Rosalie's illness and First Communion is very well related. We can recommend the book for the reading of children."—*Tablet*. "The tenth chapter is beautiful."—*Universe*.

The Story of Marie and other Tales. Fcap. 8vo., 2s. ; cloth extra, 2s. 6d. ; gilt, 3s. ; or separately:—The Story of Marie, 2d. ; Nelly Blane, and A Contrast, 2d. ; A Conversion and a Death-Bed, 2d. ; Herbert Montagu, 2d. ; Jane Murphy, The Dying Gypsy, and The Nameless Grave, 2d. ; The Beggars, and True and False Riches, 2d. ; Pat and his Friend, 2d.

F. "A very nice little collection of stories, thoroughly Catholic in their teaching."—*Tablet*. "A series of short pretty stories, told with much simplicity."—*Universe*. "A number of short pretty stories, replete with religious teaching, told in simple language."—*Weekly Register*.

The Last of the Catholic O'Malleys. A Tale. By M. Taunton. 18mo. cloth, 1s. 6d. ; extra, 2s.

"A sad and stirring tale, simply written, and sure to secure for itself readers."—*Tablet*. "Deeply interesting. It is well adapted for parochial and school libraries."—*Weekly Register*. "A very pleasing tale."—*The Month*.

Eagle and Dove. From the French of Mademoiselle Zénaïde Fleuriot. By Emily Bowles. Cr. 8vo., 5s.

"We recommend our readers to peruse this well-written story."—*Register*. "One of the very best stories we have ever dipped into."—*Church Times*. "Admirable in tone and purpose."—*Church Herald*. "A real gain. It possesses merits far above the pretty fictions got up by English writers."—*Dublin Review*. "There is an air of truth and sobriety about this little volume, nor is there any attempt at sensation."—*Tablet*.

Cistercian Legends of the 13th Century. Translated from the Latin by the Rev. Henry Collins. 3s.

Cloister Legends: or, Convents and Monasteries in the Olden Time. *Second Edition*. Cr. 8vo. 4s.

The People's Martyr, a Legend of Canterbury. 4s.

R. Washbourn, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

Rupert Aubray. By the Rev. T. J. Potter. 3s.  
 Farleyes of Farleye. By the same author. 2s. 6d.  
 Sir Humphrey's Trial. By the same author. 2s. 6d.  
 Chats about the Rosary ; or, Aunt Margaret's Little  
 Neighbours. Fcap. 8vo. 3s.

"There is scarcely any devotion so calculated as the Rosary to keep up a taste for piety in little children, and we must be grateful for any help in applying its lessons to the daily life of those who already love it in their unconscious tribute to its value and beauty."

—*Month*. "We do not know of a better book for reading aloud to children, it will teach them to understand and to love the Rosary."—*Tablet*. "A graceful little book, in fifteen chapters, on the Rosary, illustrative of each of the mysteries, and connecting each with the practice of some particular virtue."—*Catholic Opinion*.

Margarethe Verflassen. Translated from the German by Mrs. Smith Sligo. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. ; gilt, 3s. 6d.

"A portrait of a very holy and noble soul, whose life was passed in constant practical acts of the love of God."—*Weekly Register*.

"It is the picture of a true woman's life, well fitted up with the practice of ascetic devotion and loving unwearied activity about all the works of mercy."—*Tablet*.

Keighley Hall and other Tales. By Elizabeth King. 18mo. 6d. ; cloth, 1s. ; gilt, 1s. 6d. ; or, separately, Keighley Hall, Clouds and Sunshine, The Maltese Cross, 3d. each.

Sir Ælfric and other Tales. By the Rev. G. Bampfield. 18mo. 6d. ; cloth, 1s. ; gilt, 1s. 6d.

Ned Rusheen. By the Poor Clares. Crown 8vo. 6s.

The Prussian Spy. A Novel. By V. Valmont. 4s.

Adolphus ; or, the Good Son. 18mo. gilt, 6d.

Nicholas ; or, the Reward of a Good Action. 6d.

The Lost Children of Mount St. Bernard. 18mo. gilt, 6d.

The Baker's Boy ; or, the Results of Industry. 6d.

"All prettily got up, artistically illustrated, and pleasantly-written. Better books for gifts and rewards we do not know."—*Weekly Register*. "We can thoroughly recommend them."—*Tablet*.

The Truce of God : a Tale of the Eleventh Century. By G. H. Miles. 4s.

Tales and Sketches. By Charles Fleet. 8vo. cloth, 2s. and 2s. 6d. ; cloth, gilt, 3s. 6d.

"Pleasingly-written, and containing some valuable hints. There is a good deal of nice feeling in these short stories."—*Tablet*.

---

*R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.*

- A Broken Chain. 18mo. gilt, 6d.  
 The Convent Prize Book. By the author of "Geraldine." Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. ; gilt, 3s. 6d.  
 The Journey of Sophia and Eulalie to the Palace of True Happiness. Translated by the Rev. Father Ambrose, Mount St. Bernard's. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. ; cheap edition, 2s. 6d.  
 The Fisherman's Daughter. By Conscience. 4s.  
 The Amulet. By Hendrick Conscience. 4s.  
 Count Hugo of Graenhove. By Conscience. 4s.  
 The Village Innkeeper. By Conscience. 4s.  
 Happiness of being Rich. By Conscience. 4s.  
 Florence O'Neill. By A. M. Stewart. 4s. 6d. and 6s.  
 Limerick Veteran. By the same. 4s. 6d. and 6s.  
 The Three Elizabeths. By the same. 3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.  
 Alone in the World. By the same. 3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.  
 Festival Tales. By J. F. Waller. 5s.  
 Shakespeare's Plays and Tragedies. Abridged and Revised for the use of Schools. By Rosa Baughan. 8vo. 7s. 6d.  
 Poems. By H. N. Oxenham. *Third Edition.* 3s. 6d.

### Miscellaneous and Educational.

- History of Modern Europe. With a Preface by the Right Rev. Dr. Weathers. 12mo. cloth, 5s. ; gilt, 6s. ; roan, 5s. 6d.

"A work of special importance for the way in which it deals with the early part of the present Pontificate."—*Weekly Register.*

- The Continental Fish Cook ; or, a Few Hints on Maigre Dinners. By M. J. N. de Frederic. 18mo. 1s.

"This is an admirable collection of recipes, which many housekeepers will welcome for use. We strongly recommend our lady readers at once to procure it."—*Church Herald.* "It will give to all mistresses of households very valuable hints on maigre dinners, and we feel sure they will be glad to know of the existence of such a manual."—*Register.* "There are 103 recipes, all of which have been practically tested ; they combine variety, wholesomeness, and economy."—*Universe.* "It is an unpretending little work, but nevertheless containing many recipes, enabling housekeepers to provide an excellent variety of dishes, such as may lawfully be eaten in times of fasting and abstinence."—*Church Times.*

---

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

**Culpepper.** An entirely New Edition of Brook's Family Herbal. 150 engravings, drawn and coloured from living specimens. Crown 8vo., 5s. 6d.

**University Education, under the Guidance of the Church ; or, Monastic Studies.** By a Monk of St. Augustine's, Ramsgate. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

"An admirable pamphlet. Its contents are above praise. We trust that it will be widely circulated."—*Weekly Register*. "The author is evidently a scholar, a well-read man, and a person of experience and wide reading. His essay, consequently, is worth both studying and preserving."—*Church Herald*.

**Elements of Philosophy, comprising Logic, and General Principles of Metaphysics.** By Rev. W. H. Hill, S.J. Second edition, 8vo. 6s.

"This work is from the pen of one who has devoted many years to the study and teaching of philosophy. It is elementary, and must be concise; yet it treats the important points of philosophy so clearly, and contains so many principles of wide application, that it cannot fail to be especially useful in a country where sound philosophical doctrine is perhaps more needed than in any other."

**History of England.** By W. Mylius. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

**Catechism of the History of England.** Cloth, 1s.

**History of Ireland.** By T. Young. 18mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

**The Illustrated History of Ireland.** By the Nun of Kenmare. Illustrated by Doyle. 8vo. 11s.

**The Patriots' History of Ireland.** By the Poor Clares of Kenmare. 18mo. cloth, 2s. ; cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.

**A Chronological Sketch of the Kings of England and France.** With Anecdotes for the use of Children. By H. Murray Lane. 2s. 6d. ; or separately, England, 1s. 6d., France, 1s. 6d.

"Admirably adapted for teaching young children the elements of English and French history."—*Tablet*. "A very useful little publication."—*Weekly Register*. "An admirably arranged little work for the use of children."—*Universe*.

**The Catholic Alphabet of Scripture Subjects.** Price, on a sheet, plain, 1s. ; coloured, 2s. ; mounted on linen, to fold in a case, 3s. 6d. ; varnished, on linen, on rollers, 4s.

"This will be hailed with joy by all young children in Catholic schools, and we should gladly see it placed conspicuously before the eyes of our little ones."—*Catholic Opinion*. "Will be very welcome in the infant school."—*Weekly Register*.

---

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

- Bell's Modern Reader and Speaker. Cloth, 3s. 6d.  
General Questions in History, Chronology, Geography, the Arts, &c. By A. M. Stewart. 4s. 6d.  
Extracts from the Fathers and other Writers of the Church. 12mo. cloth, 4s. 6d.  
Brickley's Standard Table Book,  $\frac{1}{2}$ d.  
Washbourn's Multiplication Table on a sheet, 3s. per 100. Specimen sent for 1d. stamp.

**Music (*Net*).**

BY HERR WILHELM SCHULTHES.

- Veni Domine. Motett for Four Voices. 2s. ; vocal arrangement, 6d.  
Cor Jesu, Salus in Te Sperantium. 2s. ; with harp accompaniment, 2s. 6d. ; abridged edition, 3d.  
Mass of the Holy Child Jesus, and Ave Maria for unison and congregational singing, with organ accompaniment. 3s.  
The Vocal Part. 4d. ; or in cloth, 6d.  
The Ave Maria of this Mass can be had for Four Voices, with the Ingressus Angelus. 1s. 3d.  
Recordare. Oratio Jeremiæ Prophetæ. 1s.  
Ne projicias me a facie Tua. Motett for Four Voices. (T.B.) 1s. 3d.  
Benediction Service, with 36 Litanies. 6s.  
Oratory Hymns. 2 vols., 8s.  
Regina Cœli. Motett for Four Voices. 3s. ; vocal arrangement, 1s.  
Twelve Latin Hymns, for Vespers, &c. 2s.  
Litanies. By Rev. J. McCarthy. 1s. 3d.  
Six Litany Chants. By F. Leslie. 6d.  
Ave Maria. By T. Haydn Waud. 1s. 6d.  
Fr. Faber's Hymns. Various, 9d. each.  
Portfolio. With a patent metallic back. 3s.

A separate Catalogue of FOREIGN Books, Educational Books, Books for the Library or for Prizes, supplied ; also a Catalogue of School and General Stationery, a Catalogue of Second-hand Books, and a Catalogue of Crucifixes and other Religious Articles.



# INDEX TO AUTHORS.

	PAGE		PAGE
A'Kempis, Thomas . . . . .	8	King, Miss . . . . .	28
Allies, T. W., Esq. . . . .	11	Lacordaire, Père . . . . .	12
Amherst, Bishop . . . . .	8	Laing, Rev. Dr. . . . .	13, 16, 21
Bagshawe, Rev. Fr. . . . .	22	Lane, H. Murray, Esq. . . . .	30
Bagshawe, Rev. J. B. . . . .	14, 15	Lockhart, Rev. Fr. . . . .	13
Bampffield, Rev. G. . . . .	28	M'Corry, Rev. Dr. . . . .	17
Barge, Rev. T. . . . .	23	Macdaniel, Miss . . . . .	21, 24
Beste, J. R. D., Esq. . . . .	10, 23, 25	Macleod, Rev. X. D. . . . .	21
Beste, Rev. K. D. . . . .	25	Manning, Most Rev. Dr. . . . .	13, 19
Bethell, Rev. A. P. . . . .	21	Marshall, T. W. M., Esq. . . . .	10
Blosius . . . . .	7	Meehan, Madeleine Howley . . . . .	26
Boudon, Mgr. . . . .	7	Milner, Bishop . . . . .	23
Bowles, Emily . . . . .	27	Nary, Rev. J. . . . .	15
Bradbury, Rev. Fr. . . . .	29	Nevin, Willis . . . . .	2
Bridges, Miss . . . . .	1	Newman, Dr. . . . .	19
Brownlow, Rev. W. R. B. . . . .	5, 13	Oratorian Lives of the Saints . . . . .	18
Burder, Rt. Rev. Abbot . . . . .	6	Oxenham, H. N. . . . .	11, 29
Burke, S. H., M.A. . . . .	12	Ozanam, Professor . . . . .	2
Butler, Alban . . . . .	8, 17	Passionist Fathers . . . . .	13
Challoner, Bishop . . . . .	16	Philpin, Rev. Fr. . . . .	6
Collins, Rev. Fr. . . . .	9	Poirier, Bishop . . . . .	16
Conscience, Hendrick . . . . .	29	Poor Clares of Kenmare . . . . .	12, 20
Darras, Abbé . . . . .	7	Powell, J., Esq. . . . .	25
Deham, Rev. A. . . . .	23	Pye, H. J., Esq. . . . .	16
Dupanloup, Mgr. . . . .	2	Ravignan, Père . . . . .	8
Fleuriot, Mdle. Zénaïde . . . . .	27	Redmond, Rev. Dr. . . . .	1, 13
Francis of Sales, St. . . . .	10, 11	Richardson, Rev. Fr. . . . .	17
Frassinetti . . . . .	14	Robertson, Professor . . . . .	11, 13
Gibson, Rev. H. . . . .	15	Scaramelli . . . . .	9
Gilmour, Rev. R. . . . .	16	Schulthes, Herr . . . . .	31
Goffine, Rev. Fr. . . . .	16	Shakespeare . . . . .	29
Grace Ramsay . . . . .	19	Ségur, Mgr. de . . . . .	17
Grant, Bishop . . . . .	11, 24	Shepard, T. S., Esq. . . . .	19
Gueranger . . . . .	25	Sligo, A. V. Smith, Esq. . . . .	17
Hedley, Canon . . . . .	7	Sligo, Mrs. Smith . . . . .	27
Herbert, Lady . . . . .	1, 2, 6	Stewart, A. M. . . . .	29
Hill, Rev. Fr. . . . .	30	Tame, C. E., Esq. . . . .	21
Hope, Mrs. . . . .	9	Tandy, Very Rev. Dr. . . . .	26
Husenbeth, Very Rev. Dr. . . . .	20, 21	Taunton, Mrs. . . . .	27
Kenny, Dr. . . . .	17	Williams, Canon . . . . .	16

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
New Books - . . . .	1	Prayer-Books - . . . .	22
Dramas, Comedies, Farces - . . . .	3	Rome, &c. - . . . .	25
Religious Reading - . . . .	5	Tales, or Books for Library - . . . .	26
Religious Instruction - . . . .	14	Educational Works - . . . .	29
Lives of Saints, &c. - . . . .	17	Music - . . . .	31
Our Lady, Works relating to . . . . .	20		

R. WASHBOURNE, 18 PATERNOSTER ROW.







